POETRY OF THE READ-INS

THE NATION

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LETTERS

iron law

Flushing, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: How quixotic is Mr. Garretson's concept of the capitalist and the Socialist economic systems moving toward an abundant life for both their peoples! ["The Ruble-Dollar Road to Peace"; *The Nation,* May 16.] Can he indicate any nation that is Socialist, or wants to be, that has not been in mortal fear of its very existence from the capitalist system? From their very inceptions, both the Soviet Union and Communist China have had to prepare against military attack. That deadly fear persists despite "peaceful coexistence"; witness the huge outlays for military defense by both countries. (Militarism keeps our economy alive, as any economist will tell Mr. Garretson, for under such conditions the economy can really produce for profit without hindrance of the iron law of peacetime supply and demand.) To argue that capitalism, therefore, can survive without wars is to be blind to the absolutely basic predatory nature of our profit system. That blindness booby traps Mr. Garretson's whole, beatific edifice. *Leonard Boyer*

Shah's justice

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: A letter similar to the one captioned "Justice in Iran," by Carol Kaupp, president of the Cosmopolitan Club, University of South Dakota [*The Nation,* May 16] was written to the editor of the Chicago *Sun-Times* dated May 11, by Miss Jenner, a member of the above mentioned club.

My reply to Miss Jenner's letter was that by the time information about the fifty-five persons arrested on charges of violating the constitutional laws of Iran reached her, and other members of the Club, it was grossly distorted.

First of all the accused were not students and teachers but shopkeepers and small tradesmen who were led in their treasonable plans by Mohammad Bodjnourdi, a fanatical Moslem. Secondly, the trial of persons accused of acting against the sovereignty of the state is outside the jurisdiction of civil courts and shall, according to Iran's legal procedures, be conducted in military courts. Above all, the attendance of a representative from the International Lawyers Association in the trials would really amount to an interference in the affairs of a sovereign state.

Carol Kaupp wishes to arouse public opinion to save Mohammad Bodjnourdi and his associates from capital punishment. As the president of the Cosmopolitan Club of a well-known university, Miss Kaupp would do more service to humanity were she to organize public opinion in favor of the Shahanshah's economic and social reforms, because the death sentence passed on Mohammad Bodjnourdi has already been commuted to life imprisonment by the Iranian monarch.

A. M. Shapurian, Press Counselor
Iranian Embassy

off the hook

Tucson, Ariz.

DEAR SIRS: The cigarette manufacturers conveniently got off the hook by merely displaying a warning sign on each pack, thus precluding the possibility of future law suits by cancer victims. Now it appears that the car makers, by a quick reversal of thought, are going to let Washington dictate the safety standards. A neat way of letting Congress take the rap for any poor engineering, price increases, etc., that will surely follow—and here again, freedom from embarrassing legal threats. *Vernon L. Bemis*

EDITORIALS

Surprise?

Questions have arisen in many minds on a curious sequence of events in South Vietnam. Ted Lewis, who reports on Washington for the New York *Daily News,* is one of the most independent of the capital correspondents; he is also one of those asking questions.

One circumstance that seems odd, both to Lewis and to the editors of *The Nation,* is the leisurely pace with which Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge proceeded from Saigon to Washington to give the President and the National Security Council what the ever optimistic Secretary McNamara called a "progress report." Lodge went by way of Rome, where he had an audience with Pope Paul, perhaps to assure him that the accusations of pro-Buddhism made by some Vietnamese Catholics were groundless. When he returned to the United States one would have expected him to be closeted with the President as fast as jet propulsion could carry him; instead, the Ambassador took a little vacation at his home in New England, went rowboating, saw his dentist and finally repaired to Washington.

In the meantime, perhaps by pure coincidence, hell broke loose once more in Vietnam, with Premier Ky launching an attack on dissident Danang, the Buddhist monks threatening to immolate themselves, arrests in Saigon, and all the familiar signs of South Vietnam again coming apart at the seams.

This coincidence, if coincidence it was, must be viewed against the background of events preceding Ky's move to take over in Danang by sending in the Marines. His handsome face wreathed in smiles, Ky had explained to the newsmen that the understanding regarding elections was not quite as the Buddhists interpreted it; that first a constitutional convention had to be convened, then a legislative one, and he had no intention of stepping down prematurely—it would take a year at least after the elections. Furthermore, if the elections did not turn out to the satisfaction of himself and his fellow generals, they would continue to fight—no communism or neutralism for them. In Washington, Secretary Rusk, acting as a kind of remote press representative for Ky, explained that the Premier's views had been distorted by the reporters. Ky promptly reiterated what he had said. The Secretary then had no comment.

For his part, Mr. Lodge had expressed reservations about the proposed elections. The Vietnamese, he suggested, had had no experience of democracy (the implication was that they might lack the wisdom to vote the way Ky, Lodge and Rusk wanted them to vote). Experts on Vietnam have pointed out the opposite: that the Vietnamese have had extensive experience with elections, all of them rigged, as the forthcoming one promises to be. Aside from this probability, the Lodge observations were quite in line with the ambiguity of the whole scheme, the certainty that there will be trouble both before and after the elections (if they are ever held), and the likelihood that none of the leaders in the U.S. Government, and what purports to be a government in Vietnam, ever wanted elections. It was the Buddhists

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who started all this, the Americans and their Vietnamese coadjutors went along, and now wished they hadn't.

Another circumstance now comes to mind. When Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother-in-law were murdered, the bloodshed was later laid partly at the door of those who had been there and done nothing to prevent such unseemly acts. But this time, with plenty of margin while Ambassador Lodge went around the world, Ky staged his little counterrevolution—to the utter astonishment of President Johnson, Rusk, Lodge, the National Security Council, et al.

Their astonishment may have been genuine. Some things just happen that way. But in that case, another question presses for an answer. Where were the vaunted U.S. intelligence services while Ky was preparing his move against Danang? Don't they know, or do they tell Washington only what they think it wants to know? One way or another, it looks as if the American people are being led by the nose, and it will take more than the hand-on-heart, eye-rolling eloquence of Lyndon B. Johnson to prove otherwise.

Storm over Rusk

Given permission to address the House for one minute, Rep. William H. Harsha (R., Ohio) demanded the resignation of Secretary Rusk. The Secretary's crime was advocating most-favored-nation treatment for Communist countries in Eastern Europe (except East Germany)—countries which, Mr. Harsha pointed out with indignation, were furnishing supplies and weapons to "our enemy in Vietnam."

The next member to address the House, Rep. R. C. Pucinski (D., Ill.), denounced the attack on Mr. Rusk as "disgraceful and irresponsible." Never, he declared, has the country had a Secretary of State "who has stood so forcefully against communism as Dean Rusk. . . ." Mr. Pucinski yielded part of his time to Messrs. Albert and Dorn, who likewise defended the Secretary as a great and good American, unexcelled in his detestation of communism.

This colloquy should not be passed over as a clash between two distinguished members of the hawk wings of their respective parties. A species of logic lurks in it. For twenty years now, the American people have been instructed by every possible means that Communist states are run by subhuman monsters bent on the destruction of freedom, religion, business and all that differentiates men from beasts. Having been told that and nothing else, a lot of them believe it, and keep electing Harshas and Pucinskis to Congress. But if that is what the Communists are like, isn't it an outrage that we should be asked to trade with them? If communism is in truth irredeemably evil—the same now as in 1946 when the great crusade was launched to erase the shame of the alliance of World War II—what justification can the Johnson Administration have for treating Communist states the same as other states? And if Communists are the same the world over, how can Secretary Rusk be all for fighting them in Vietnam and trading with them in Yugoslavia and Poland?

That not only Congressional blatherskites reason in this fashion is shown by the opposition to the proposed lowering of tariffs by no less a personage than Rep. Wilbur D. Mills, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. His opposition kills the proposal for this session of Con-

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gress. As a matter of fact, the Administration had no expectation of passage this year, and hesitated for weeks before introducing the legislation. The President had promised in his State of the Union message that it would be sent to the Congress, but all he expected were hearings in committee and an educational process to reconcile the country to its passage next year. But with Mr. Mills opposed, there will be no hearings.

Thus the Administration is caught in the dilemma created by twenty years of inflammatory propaganda and the expanded war in Vietnam. It was a foregone conclusion that, with Americans dying to save the world from communism, Congressmen would be reluctant to expand trade with states committed to the hated ideology. Never mind that the Chinese Communists (who are not candidates for most-favored-nation status) appear to hate the Soviet Communists as much as they hate U.S. capitalists, never mind that Rumania is trying to break up the Warsaw Pact, never mind anything that has happened since Churchill came to Fulton, Mo. The Congressmen have their ears to the ground and what they hear is the voice of the propagandized, which may be raised against themselves in November. This, and not Secretary Rusk's plea that most-favored-nation treatment of the Communist bloc would give us political leverage in Eastern Europe, is what will determine how they vote.

Where Now the "Yankee Trader"?

Time was when Americans were known as sharp and venturesome seekers for business, and when trade followed the flag. Now, apparently, trade devolves on ideology, and business relations are barred on moral grounds—not, be it noted, with a racist nation like South Africa but only where some brand of communism is involved. However, this is true only of Americans, and not of America's allies, even those who are as staunchly anti-Communist as we are. Canada and Australia sell enormous quantities of grain to Communist China, and Italy's Fiat has just concluded with the Soviet Union a deal for automobiles which is in the neighborhood of $800 million, according to *Business Week* (May 14).

Why Fiat? Why not Ford? Is the United States bound to stultify itself economically to the end of time because the Bolsheviks overthrew the Czar in 1917? Apparently so, and Wall Street and the big businessmen who, in the orthodox Marxist view, run the country, seem content to let the politicians interfere with business. The weird power of political incantation was never better illustrated.

Why not Ford? General Motors and Chrysler, and American Motors, and their thousands of suppliers may also need foreign business one of these days. But Ford deserves special mention, not because it may be in greater need of a few kopeks, but because it was not always so hamstrung. Ford sold thousands of trucks and tractors to the Soviets in the twenties and cooperated with the Russians in setting up a large automobile plant at Gorki and a smaller assembly plant in Moscow, although old Henry was no more pro-Soviet than is his grandson today.

The Soviets stand on the threshold of the motor age. Neither Stalin nor Khrushchev believed in the personal automobile—except for commissars. A look at our rush-hour traffic jams shows some basis for this antipathy, and indeed the Russians may learn from our experience. But Kosygin and Brezhnev—both engineers, be it noted—favor increased production of automobiles. Nothing on the scale of U.S. production, which produces panic when output threatens to fall below 9 million units a year, but a far higher figure than the present 200,000 per year Soviet output. With good technological judgment, the Soviet bosses decided that they needed foreign help. Fiat welcomed them with open arms and extension of credit. The present deal involves $320 million to be spent in Italy, which will be financed by a loan repayable in eight and a half years after delivery of goods, at about 6.5 per cent interest. By 1970, the Soviets expect to be producing 800,000 cars a year, partly in a Fiat 124 model modified to suit Russian conditions. These cars, produced in Russian plants which Fiat will set up, should start coming off the line in 1969.

The Italians are not alone in attempting to usurp the role of the old-time Yankee trader. Volkswagen and Renault were also in competition, but Fiat won out because it was prepared to give the Russians what they felt they needed. The new model, one Fiat official said, is only a second cousin to the 124. But Renault is still in the running for a follow-on contract for a plant as large as the one to be built by Fiat, and Japan's Toyota Motor Co. is designing a plant capable of producing 300,000 to 400,000 units a year.

If the Soviet Union goes through with these plans, the country is not going to look the same in the seventies as it did in the sixties. Moscow now has a total of seven filling stations and on a 2,250-mile highway there are said to be only nine repair stations. A few million automobiles will necessitate an enormous infra-structure, in the building of which American expertise could function to the satisfaction of Americans and Russians alike. But not while Americans are fighting a futile war in Vietnam, not while the U. S. Congress reverberates with blasts against "atheistic communism." In the midst of the shooting and the shouting, our loving allies of the free world walk off with the business.

Be Ready

At the Voters' Pledge convention in Washington, one participant asked Rep. George Brown of California: "We have laws of impeachment here. Why doesn't Congress start impeachment proceedings against the man?" Meaning, of course, President Johnson, for his conduct of the war in Vietnam. Replied Brown: "How could we get the necessary two-thirds of the Senate votes when we could get only four votes against the war?" A delegate from Hawaii said he had spent the previous day trying to discuss the war with his Senators and Representatives and had run into a wall of "passionate righteousness."

Not despondency but awareness of the heavy odds was the keynote of the two-day meeting at which better ways to support "peace candidates" were proposed, a march was made to the White House, and the occasion came to a climax with several sensible speeches to about 12,000 people on the slope of the Washington Monument grounds. Doubtless millions of people in this country would agree with Dr. Benjamin Spock that there is something sickeningly dehumanizing "to hear officials in Washington . . . apologiz-

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ing that the number of Vietcong killed has been 'off 40 per cent recently,' like a drop in the stock market." And they would agree with Norman Thomas, that the ultimate choice is not even between guns and margarine but between annihilation and "a new spirit" in America. But what effect would such statements, and the agreement of unpolled millions, have on the President's decisions? Irving Howe must have had that question in mind when he said that anti-war intellectuals "after all, can only make speeches while you, Mr. President, can order the bombing of North Vietnam." The appropriateness of this observation was shown that very day by the headline in *The Washington Post:* "Viet War Escalation Appears Likely Again."

Presented with this imbalance between the intellectuals' protests and the President's pique, what does one do? We think Congressman Brown had the best answer to that: perseverance and organization for the long haul. Even if the Vietnamese problem were solved, this country, as he said, would manage to find other wars, unless there were a new wave of leaders. "We need always a core of organized people who can take advantage of situations as they present themselves. We need a supply of persons to move into politics when the time is right. You may be opposed by an 87-year-old unbeatable candidate—but he'll die. Be ready. Be ready, be organized, be concerned—this way you get into political office. That's the way the right wing has taken control of local politics in California. The Birchers are the ones who were ready to move. In terms of practical politics, we can't think in terms of this year or next year, but five to ten years from now. With this thinking we'll have some hope of changing policies in this country and possibly the world."

Lyndon's Set

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

Social life in Washington has seldom been more gay. Let the Danish Prime Minister arrive on a state mission, and the saxophones and drums can be heard across the White House lawn until three in the morning. Our President confines himself to the foxtrot, but he beams as his Lady Bird essays more energetic rhythms, and Hubert Horatio Humphrey is acquiring an international reputation as a rug cutter of giddy virtuosity. Daughter Lynda is a devotee of the Watusi, and on that evening when we honored our friends from Copenhagen two new dances were invented right on the ballroom floor. One called "Reasoning Together" incorporated some of Mr. Johnson's more endearing mannerisms into its gyrations: much punching on the shoulder and shaking of hands. The other dance, the "Valenti," featured a flinging of imaginary dollar bills—a reference to the handsome salary which the President's former personal aide now enjoys as head of the Motion Picture Association.

Meanwhile, over at the Smithsonian, a champagne ball given in the name of some sweet charity or other is remembered for the uninhibited frugging of Presidential Press Secretary Bill Moyers and for the moment of high drama when Mrs. Rudolph Carter, wife of a State Department official, was asked to go home and put something on under her white lace dress.

Does it seem callous, the picture of Bill Moyers swinging his hips like a teen-age jetnick? Is there something distasteful about the remark from one watcher on the sidelines that the First Lady was "doing the whole screaming bit?" Perhaps we should be glad that this Administration has nothing on its conscience that precludes a display of public merriment. But the world is full of spoilsports who cannot get Ky and Hanoi, defoliation and burning monks out of their minds. The way things are going our dancing President may soon be sending another 100,000 GIs to Vietnam. Perhaps at that point he might find it tactful to draw the blinds and mute the horns at midnight.

"But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye not hear it?—No! 'twas but the wind. . . ."

Upset in Pennsylvania

Milton J. Shapp's victory in the Democratic gubernatorial primary in Pennsylvania will be surprising only to those who underrate the factor of boredom in American politics. Voters can be apathetic for long periods of time without kicking over the traces, but let them become bored and anything can happen. In what must be rated a genuine upset, Shapp decisively defeated State Senator Robert Casey, who had the support of the Democratic "machine" and also that of Sen. Joseph S. Clark. Strictly a "loner" in this campaign—his first appearance in politics—Shapp had several factors in his favor. A successful industrialist, he had the funds to wage an intelligent campaign with heavy emphasis on radio, television and newspaper advertising, although he had almost no newspaper support. Foreign policy did not figure directly in the campaign, but Shapp's status as an outsider won him the support of many dissident groups, including elements of the labor movement. The major issues he raised related to the need to rehabilitate the economy of the state and, on these points, he spoke with intelligence and authority. He opposed, for example, the New York Central-Pennsylvania merger (see "One Big Happy Railroad" by Desmond Smith, *The Nation,* February 14; reprints of which were used effectively in the campaign). Shapp is not the charismatic type but he campaigned hard, traveling about the state by helicopter. One of his stated goals is to reshape and unify the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania and he now stands an excellent chance of accomplishing it, regardless of the outcome in November when he will oppose Raymond Shafer, the Republican nominee and a protégé of Governor Scranton. The vote was not heavy, a factor that would normally favor the organization's candidate. But Democratic voters, obviously bored with what has been offered them in the way of candidates of recent years, decided to call in the outsider. Shapp's victory was a real upset; he carried thirty-seven of the state's sixty-seven counties. It was thought that Casey would carry Philadelphia by 75,000 votes; his margin was approximately 7,500. He was supposed to roll up a big vote in Allegheny County, but was lucky to carry it by a few votes. This could turn out to be a good year for "loners" in the Democratic Party.

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SALAZAR'S PORTUGAL

Anniversary on Thin Ice

RONALD H. CHILCOTE

Having recently returned from a field trip to Africa, Mr. Chilcote is preparing a book on the political history of Portuguese Africa and editing for publication a collection of documents on emerging Portuguese African nationalism. Mr. Chilcote teaches political science at the University of California, Riverside.

On May 28, 1926, General Manuel Gomes da Costa marched on Lisbon, overthrew the republican regime, and proclaimed a military dictatorship. Two years later in the face of grave financial difficulties an economics professor, António de Oliveira Salazar, was named finance minister, a position which allowed him to consolidate power and assure dictatorial continuity. The fortieth anniversary of the coup is being suitably celebrated throughout the country, but it does not signify the security of the regime. Political unrest within the homeland and the challenge of African nationalism in the colonies of Angola, Mozambique and Portuguese Guinea forecast profound changes, which may include the downfall of Salazar and the independence of the African territories. An imperial mystique premised upon the great exploits of Portuguese discovery and expansion during the 15th and 16th centuries would thus be obliterated.

Portugal is challenged by the need to find solutions to both internal and external problems, and its dictatorial regime is peculiarly ill fitted to meet the dilemma that faces most underdeveloped nations today: the achievement of modernization through structural change and political, economic, social and cultural development despite intransigent political leaders and a powerful oligarchy.

Suppression is the essence of Salazar's political order. The dictatorship came to power in response to a chaotic republican experiment that had endured the rise and fall of forty-four governments between 1910 and 1926. Salazar has given the Portuguese stability and peace. At least, he has done so up to a point. The so-called stability of the New State was marred by riots in 1931 in Madeira, Portuguese Guinea and the Azores. A 1936 revolt by two naval ships failed; military uprisings collapsed in 1946, 1947, 1952, 1959, 1961 and 1962. African nationalist revolts initiated in Angola during 1961, in Guinea during 1962, and in Mozambique during 1964 have not been totally contained by the 100,000 Portuguese troops assigned to those territories.

However, only in the 1958 Presidential elections did the internal opposition, led by General Humberto Delgado, seriously threaten the dictatorship and win a fourth of the votes. Despite his subsequent exile to Brazil and his mysterious death in Spain early in 1965, Delgado's challenge marked a turning point in Portuguese politics. The government's reaction to the 1958 experience was to abolish direct suffrage in Presidential elections. This move, plus the Angolan outbreak in 1961 and the loss of Goa at the end of the same year, prompted some re-evaluation of the immobile Salazar regime by the important political forces that help to maintain the policies of continuity and by those that from time to time express their dissatisfaction and may someday exercise greater influence. Among the props of the regime are the armed forces, the Church and the oligarchy; the dissident elements, now ostracized, include the opposition parties, students, labor and the peasantry.

Salazar was ushered into power by the military and they continue to support him. Upon his death or ouster, the army would probably assume control with the strong support of the ultraconservative "Centurions" and their weekly, *Agora*. The opposition's ranks, however, have been led by such important military figures as Generals Norton de Matos and Humberto Delgado, and there has been disaffection among the younger officers.

Salazar always has been able to count on the support of a conservative Catholic majority, despite the discontent of the liberal wing of the Church. In 1958 the Bishop of Oporto, António Ferreira Gomes (presently in exile in Spain), criticized Portuguese workers' conditions. The Bishop's protest awakened some Catholics to side with the worker masses, and his action foreshadowed the emergence of an important Christian Democrat movement that today challenges the Church hierarchy and the Salazar regime itself. During the recent electoral campaign Catholic laymen signed anti-Salazar manifestoes demanding liberal reforms at home and autonomy for the colonies.

The oligarchy is dominated by a small, wealthy group of entrepreneurs who have supported the regime for many years and who have been rewarded with key concessions that enabled them to consolidate their economic power. One observer notes that eleven families control most of the nation's domestic and overseas industries.

Among elements ostracized by the regime, the political opposition at home and abroad represents a very moderate challenge. The domestic opposition is loosely organized into the Directório Democrata Social, mostly composed of such old-guard republicans as former ministers Francisco Cunha Leal and the late Mário de Azevedo Gomes. This opposition is allowed to campaign during elections and to issue manifestoes of protest; its objective is to effect political change through peaceful means, moderate demands and negotiations with the intransigent government.

In 1962, Portuguese exiles formed in Algiers the Frente Patriótica de Libertaçao Nacional (FPLN) and a year later chose General Delgado as its president. The FPLN was a loose coalition of individual liberals, Socialists, Catholics, monarchists and the Communist Party. In mid-1964 the Communist Party split, and a small pro-Peking faction defected to form the Frente de Acçao Popular which advocated military struggle with the regime. This policy was also supported by Delgado who as a result was not re-elected president of the FPLN at its third congress. He then formed a rival Frente Portuguesa de Libertaçao Nacional which he headed until his assassination in early 1965. Today the original FPLN remains a popular front that is in practice dominated by the Communist Party. In theory,

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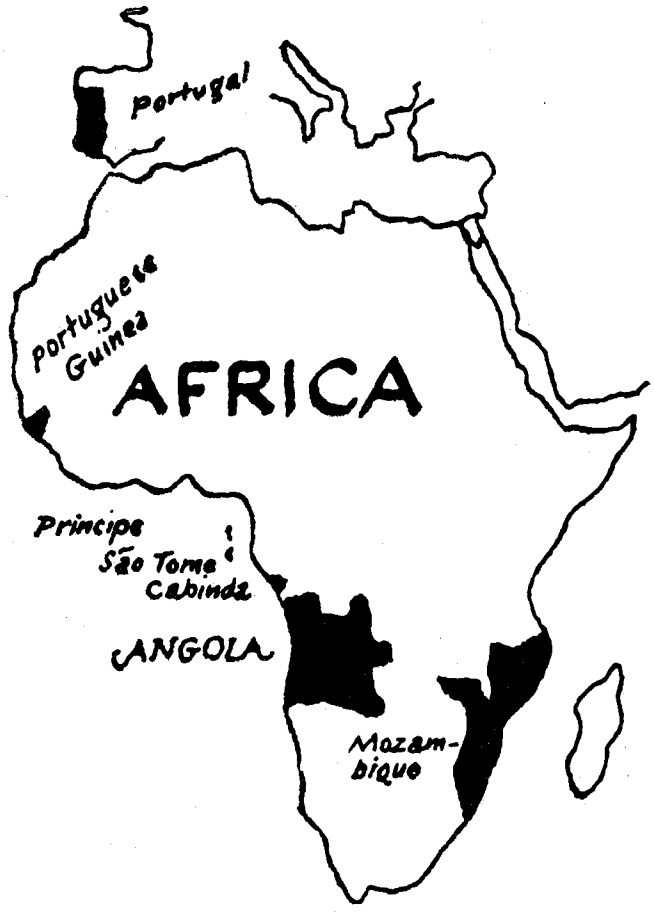
the FPLN's executive committee is comprised of one representative each from: the Communist Party, established in 1921, pro-Soviet and certainly the best organized of the opposition movements; the Movimento de Acçao Revolucionária, a non-Communist Left group established in mid-1962 as an outgrowth of student unrest within Portugal; and the Movimento de Resistencia Republicana, which is led by oppositionists who head the Directório Democrata Social within Portugal. Three independents, Manuel Sertório, Piteiro Santos and José Mário Ervedosa also serve on the executive committee. Sertório, a social democrat and one of the opposition's important political theorists, was a leader of a group that broke from the Directório many years ago and attempted to manifest their ideas through the journal *Seara Nova*. The FPLN's strategy is to politicize the masses through manifestoes, radio and any peaceful means of disseminating information.

Since 1962, the student movement has been the vanguard of dissent to the Salazar dictatorship. A new leadership, Christian Democrat and Socialist in outlook, focuses on the need for social change and development. Demonstrations, which have won few concessions, have resulted in bloodshed, death and arrests of hundreds, but have also forced the nation to look at problems at home and in the colonies. The Ministry of Education took disciplinary action against 208 students who demonstrated in April, 1965.

Both organized labor and the peasantry remain ineffective as forces for change. The New State undermined labor's effectiveness in the 1930s and reorganized labor into national syndicates within the corporate state. The peasantry remains traditionally apathetic and apolitical, although increased emigration suggests discontent in the countryside. The Catholic Action has had limited success in attempting to organize both the peasantry and urban labor.

Economic problems challenge the dictatorial order, and are perhaps more immediate than any political threat. Luiz Teixeira Pinto, a leading Portuguese economist and a former Minister of Economy, wrote several years ago that the economy suffered from "immobility . . . unparalleled in other countries" and that Portuguese underdevelopment was characterized by low incomes, unemployment, low diversification of production and export, low level of technical accomplishment and a high rate of population growth. He advocated increasing threefold the rate of public investment in the national development plans, and taxation of the wealthy minority to relieve the masses. He also argued that foreign aid would be essential. These recommendations have not yet been totally accepted by the regime, but it is urged toward them both by the Europe-minded industrialists who desire economic integration with Europe (Portugal is a member of the European Free Trade Association) and by the necessity to seek foreign credits and loans to finance the war in Africa.

Another aspect of the economic problem is the rapidly increasing emigration. Officially, 56,000 Portuguese left in 1964; the actual emigration may have been double that figure. Although agreements regarding Portuguese emigrants have been signed with the Netherlands, France and Germany, bureaucratic red tape and a reluctance to allow a large outflow of Portuguese abroad have resulted in substantial illegal emigration. In the past, low levels of farm productivity have been balanced by a surplus of cheap labor. Today a lack of manpower on the farms is caused not only by the migration to cities and emigration abroad but also by large-scale recruiting for the colonial armies. The regime also desires that emigrants move to the African colonies to bolster the white minorities there.



Portuguese society is rigidly stratified. Per capita income remains the lowest in Western Europe, while income is unevenly distributed. Portugal lags behind other European countries in welfare programs: health insurance and benefits, old age compensation, unemployment insurance and the like. Mortality rates for infectious diseases and infant mortality rates are among the highest in Europe. Rough estimates suggest that more than 20 per cent of the population needs to be rehoused. These indicators support the contention that social structures have not been a major concern of dictatorial rule.

Censorship and suppression of cultural life have characterized Portuguese rule. The intelligentsia long ago lost its vitality and political effectiveness. Academic freedom was impeded by faculty purges at the University of Lisbon in 1935, 1946 and 1947. University life is strictly controlled through an elaborate informer system; all information sources are controlled. The government has recently investigated book publishers in a campaign against "red intellectuals."

A single thread of cultural opposition that has thus far survived the Salazar dictatorship is represented by the

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literary magazine, *Seara Nova,* founded in 1921. This magazine argues for the education of an intellectual elite and the improvement of Portugal's political culture. It is now led by a new generation of intellectuals, many of whom have been arrested frequently or forced into exile. But *Seara Nova* has not been able to people the cultural desert created by the dictatorship, a desert characterized by an insignificant contemporary literature, lack of originality in the fine arts, and by deficient historical scholarship of the 20th century.

That foreign writers and journalists are subject to the Portuguese suppression I can testify from personal experience. Granted a visa to visit Angola and Mozambique in July, 1965, I was arrested upon disembarking from a plane in Luanda. With no explanation, I was roughly handled, interrogated for twelve hours, and held incommunicado another sixty hours. Counsel was denied me, and the last two and a half days of my week in a Luanda prison were spent answering questions about my book, *A Political History of Portuguese Africa* (forthcoming).

My interrogator, Mário César Ferreira, claimed to be a Fascist supporter of the regime and a novelist. He boasted of his training in Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the Central Intelligence Agency, although he did not carry out his assignment to undertake espionage work in Macao and China. Several years ago, American news correspondent William Richards was nearly killed as he observed a Lisbon demonstration. In March of this year, Dennis Foster Redmont, director of the Lisbon bureau of the Associated Press, sought refuge in the American Embassy after harassment by the secret police.

Portuguese rule has always been resisted in Africa, but today the Salazar regime is seriously challenged by emergent nationalism in Portuguese Guinea, Angola and Mozambique. In Portuguese Guinea, pinched between the two independent republics of Senegal and former French Guinée, Portugal is hard pressed to support a military force of 15,000 to 20,000 troops. African nationalists claim control over more than 40 per cent of the territory; success of their guerrilla units, particularly in the dense forests and waterways of the southern region, permitted them to establish a revolutionary army. Nationalist control of communications and rural agricultural areas has resulted in production declines in agriculture and industry. The colony has become a liability in Portugal's imperial design.

The important Guinean nationalist movement, the Partido Africano da Independencia da Guiné e Cabo Verde (PAIGC) has its headquarters in Conakry and is led by an astute agronomist, Amílcar Cabral, who in the late 1940s and early 1950s worked with the Portuguese Government and published significant economic studies of the Cape Verde archipelago and mainland Guinea.

Founded in September, 1956, PAIGC at first concentrated on the urban centers. Portuguese repressive measures to halt a strike in the port of Bissau during July and August, 1959, resulted in a shift of activity to the countryside. Open guerrilla warfare commenced in June, 1962, although a rival group, the Mouvement de Libération de la Guinée dite Portugaise (MLG) claims to have initiated military activity in early 1962.

In Angola, the nationalist struggle commenced formally in early February, 1961, when elements of the Movimento Popular da Libertaçao de Angola (MPLA) launched an abortive rebellion in Luanda, the capital. A month later, political unrest exploded into open rebellion and war when nationalists led by Leopoldville-based Holden Roberto slaughtered hundreds of Europeans and occupied much of the territory north of Luanda. Roberto then merged his movement with other small nationalist groups, established in Leopoldville a Revolutionary Government of Angola in Exile (GRAE), and received the political and financial support of the Organization of African Unity (OAU). By June, 1965, Roberto's government had been recognized by fifteen nations.

Tens of thousands of Portuguese troops, however, had reoccupied most of the northern area, and only small African resistance was evident in the forested regions. Furthermore, Roberto's movement suffered from defections of important leaders who accused him of nepotism and of dishonest and incompetent leadership. The OAU is now supporting the MPLA and, despite the early success of the GRAE, it is emerging as Angola's most important nationalist group. MPLA leaders represent the Angolan intelligentsia and are known throughout the territory.

In Mozambique, a coalition of nationalist groups, organized into the Frente de Libertaçao de Moçambique (FRELIMO), is led by former Syracuse University professor of anthropology, Eduardo Mondlane. On September 25, 1964, the Dar es Salaam-based FRELIMO initiated its "war of liberation" and established a clandestine nationalist network throughout northern Mozambique; its military resistance is concentrated in the provinces of Nyasa and Cabo Delgado.

What are the prospects for an end to the dictatorship in Portugal and for independence of the African territories? It appears that any change in the current rigid political economic social structures must be effected by present supporters of the regime, and liberal Catholic elements represent one important pressure in that direction.

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The 77-year-old Salazar can be counted on to resist all change, but his death or ouster will disrupt the present order. A conservative regime led by the army and supported by the oligarchy and Church hierarchy would then be an immediate possibility, for Salazar has chosen no successor. Other alternatives are few. A constitutional monarchy offers little promise because the administrative abilities of the pretender are doubtful and his popularity not great. A return to republicanism and rule by pragmatic politicians might lead to chaos, and a shift to the extreme Left is not likely.

In Africa, nationalists have achieved varying degrees of success. The struggle in Angola and Mozambique may be long; Guinean independence could be achieved sooner. Some political observers argue that if Guinea were independent the Portuguese could concentrate on holding the more important Angola and Mozambique. The nationalists contend that an independent Guinea would provide them with a base from which to step up their own war effort. At the moment they lack financial resources and military training and equipment, but are bolstered by the commitment of independent Africa to rid itself of colonialism.

Two external forces might break the current stalemate in Portugal and Portuguese Africa. First, United Nations pressure, influenced principally by the Afro-Asian bloc, is an active foe of intransigent Portuguese rule in Africa. Since 1960 a series of resolutions and reports in the Security Council, in the General Assembly and in several committees have condemned repressive political, economic and social conditions in the African territories. The effectiveness of the United Nations is partially offset at present by the formidable southern African bloc of territories including the Portuguese possessions, racist-ruled Southern Rhodesia and South Africa, and the U.S.-supported, conservative Congo (Leopoldville) government.

A second potential force is the United States, whose policy continues to be the preservation of cordial relations, the *status quo* and its economic interests in Portugal and Portuguese Africa. If ever the United States becomes willing to pressure its NATO ally into granting eventual independence to the African colonies, the balance of forces would be drastically altered. Undoubtedly Salazar would react by withdrawing from NATO, closing the U.S. military bases on the Azores, and perhaps breaking diplomatic relations with the United States.

The impact, internal and external, of such political developments could be severe. Although the outlook for Portuguese Africa is uncertain, the Portuguese presence there is tenuous. Collapse of the dictatorship and its colonial empire may be imminent.

ANALOGIES & IMAGES

Thoughtways of Foreign Policy

WILLIAM FOOTE WHYTE

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Said Dean Rusk recently: "The major lines of United States policy are simple and easily understandable. I am pretty certain that the majority of high school seniors could describe them accurately." And not so long ago the Secretary chided college professors for their inability to recognize certain obvious facts, and for misleading their students regarding U. S. foreign policy.

We have here a paradox: a foreign policy simple enough to be understood and accepted by high school seniors and yet somehow beyond the comprehension and sympathy of many professors who take a professional interest in these matters.

Being a college professor myself, I cannot claim to be impartial in this contest with high school seniors, yet I think I can provide a key to understanding the paradox. The lines of policy are indeed simple because they are based upon some very popular oversimplifications as to the nature of the world. If some of the professors seem to be confusing the issues, it is because they find themselves looking at a different world from that described by Secretary Rusk. Here follow some examples of how the roads diverge.

THE HANDY HISTORICAL ANALOGY. When we confront a foreign-policy problem, it is natural that we ask ourselves whether such a problem was faced by any country in previous history. If we find a good analogy to the present problem, we can then ask what the country facing this problem did in the past. If its actions turned out well, we can decide to do something of the same sort. If the actions turned out badly, we can resolve to seek a different approach.

There is nothing inherently wrong in this procedure, but one should recognize that the value of the conclusion drawn from the analogy depends upon how closely the two situations match.

How good are these analogies now in common use? A perennially popular one is appeasement at Munich. At that meeting, Neville Chamberlain agreed to let Hitler have his way with Czechoslovakia in order to win "peace in our time." As we all know, the bargain turned out to be a bad one, from the practical as well as the moral standpoint. So now the argument is applied to Vietnam.

But how does the situation in Czechoslovakia at the time of Munich really compare with the situation in Vietnam today? While in 1938 there was a small German fifth column within Czechoslovakia, the really serious threat of aggression came from outside, from Nazi Germany. The extent to which the war in Vietnam is a civil war is a matter of vigorous debate. Certainly, if Vietnam is judged to be one country, temporarily divided—as stipulated in the

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Geneva Agreement of 1954—then it is clear that nearly all of those doing the actual fighting (except U. S. personnel) are Vietnamese.

Czechoslovakia in the 1930s was a democratic state, and there could be no doubt that it carried out the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the population in seeking to oppose Nazi aggression. From the outset, the government of South Vietnam has depended heavily upon our military and economic support, and there have never been any solid indications that any of its governments commanded widespread popular support.

Czechoslovakia had what was for the times a modern, well-disciplined and well-equipped army. In an armed conflict with Nazi Germany, Czechoslovakia was sure to be overwhelmed, but there seems little doubt that had the Czechs not been abandoned by their allies, they would have fought to the limit of their resources. The present South Vietnamese army is largely a creation of the American and earlier French occupation forces. While there have been notable instances of units that showed gallantry in action, the overall record suggests an inclination to avoid hard fighting. In fact, until late 1964 the Vietcong forces supplied themselves very largely with weapons captured from the South Vietnamese. This is no reflection upon the courage of the South Vietnamese people. The Vietnamese, fighting so well on the other side, are the same people, linguistically and culturally. From this difference in performance, we must conclude that the South Vietnamese soldier just does not feel the same commitment to his cause as does his opponent.

Would we be violating our treaty obligations if we now withdrew from Vietnam? On that question, there are two diametrically opposed points of view. The official U. S. position is that we were invited in by the government of South Vietnam to help them to resist aggression from their neighbor, North Vietnam. To withdraw now would be to violate our solemn obligations to the government and the people of South Vietnam.

The opposing argument begins with the premise that the government of South Vietnam has no right to exist in the first place. The Geneva Agreement of 1954 did not treat North and South Vietnam as separate countries. The division at the 17th Parallel was to be temporary one. In 1956, North and South were to be reunited on the basis of free elections. Diem, whom the United States had put in power in South Vietnam, refused to allow such an election in the territory he controlled. (Note that he did not refuse *unless* the International Control Commission could provide adequate safeguards for a free election. He refused unconditionally — and the United States tacitly supported this treaty violation.) Furthermore, every South Vietnamese government since 1954 has been heavily dependent upon U. S. military and economic support. In other words, the sacred obligation of which Washington speaks is one entered into with its own agent.

It is important to note that this argument does not depend upon disagreement as to what the facts are in Vietnam. The debaters simply select different facts for emphasis and interpretation. The situation in Czechoslovakia was entirely different. The abandonment of that country to Hitler was a clear treaty violation. It was defended on the ground of expediency, but no one could claim that a breach of the treaty had not taken place.

In other words, the Czechoslovakian and Vietnamese situations seem about as different as two international situations can be. It is hard to imagine how the lessons drawn from the one case can be applied to the other. Over the years, however, Munich has come to mean simply that appeasement never pays and therefore, whenever we confront an international crisis, we must act tough.

IDEOLOGITIS AND TWO-VALUED ORIENTATIONS. I call *ideologitis* the tendency to see international affairs primarily in ideological terms. Two-valued orientation refers to the semantic fallacy of conceiving and evaluating a situation, however complex, in terms of two diametrically opposite poles: black and white, right and wrong, communism and anti-communism, and so on. Combined, these two produce the formula: international affairs consist of a struggle between communism and the free world.

The trouble with this point of view is that it does not distinguish between two major powers, Russia and China, whose words and actions are coming increasingly into conflict. Neither does it distinguish between major powers with whom we have conflicts of interest, and other states (Yugoslavia, Poland and Rumania, for example) with whom we do not compete.

If we are willing to make such elementary distinctions, we shall find that we can employ the very real differences among Communist nations to improve our own position and to ease international tensions. On the other hand, if we view communism as a monolithic force, we produce what sociologists call the "self-fulfilling prophecy": our very actions tend to push Communist governments into competing with one another to determine which can oppose "U. S. imperialism" most effectively.

ON THE IMAGES WE PROJECT. We are told by the experts that since we are now a world power, people all over the world watch our actions and judge us accordingly. We must show them that we are strong, and that we have the courage to use our strength.

Do opinion leaders in other countries really judge from our actions in foreign policy whether we are strong or weak? I have no doubt that they do, but strong-weak is not the only dimension in which they make judgments. These are some other dimensions commonly used in evaluating the foreign policies of the United States:

cruel-humane
reckless-responsible
peaceable-warlike
arrogant-respectful of others
imperialistic-anti-imperialistic
intelligent-stupid

Suppose that our actions in Vietnam convince the opinion leaders of a given nation that we are strong—but that we are also cruel, reckless, warlike, arrogant, imperialistic and stupid. Have we improved our "image" in that nation? There is no way of answering that question, for we cannot say how many units of gain on the strong-weak dimension are offset by how many units of loss on each of the other

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dimensions. Nevertheless, our concern for public opinion in another country cannot realistically be limited to the strong-weak dimension, and any State Department official will concede that we are also concerned with how we are evaluated in the other dimensions. He will go on to say that we hope to be regarded not only as strong but also as humane, responsible, peaceable, respectful of others, against imperialism and intelligent.

No one has very good information as to how we are regarded in other parts of the world, but this incident is suggestive:

In 1965 the French Institute of Public Opinion put the following question to a cross section of Frenchmen: "In your opinion which chiefs of state constitute the greatest menace for peace?" As we might expect, Mao Tse-tung led with 32 per cent of the votes. Are we not a little shocked to learn that a close second was Lyndon B. Johnson with 30 per cent, and that he received twice as many votes as did Premier Kosygin, who followed in third place with 15 per cent.

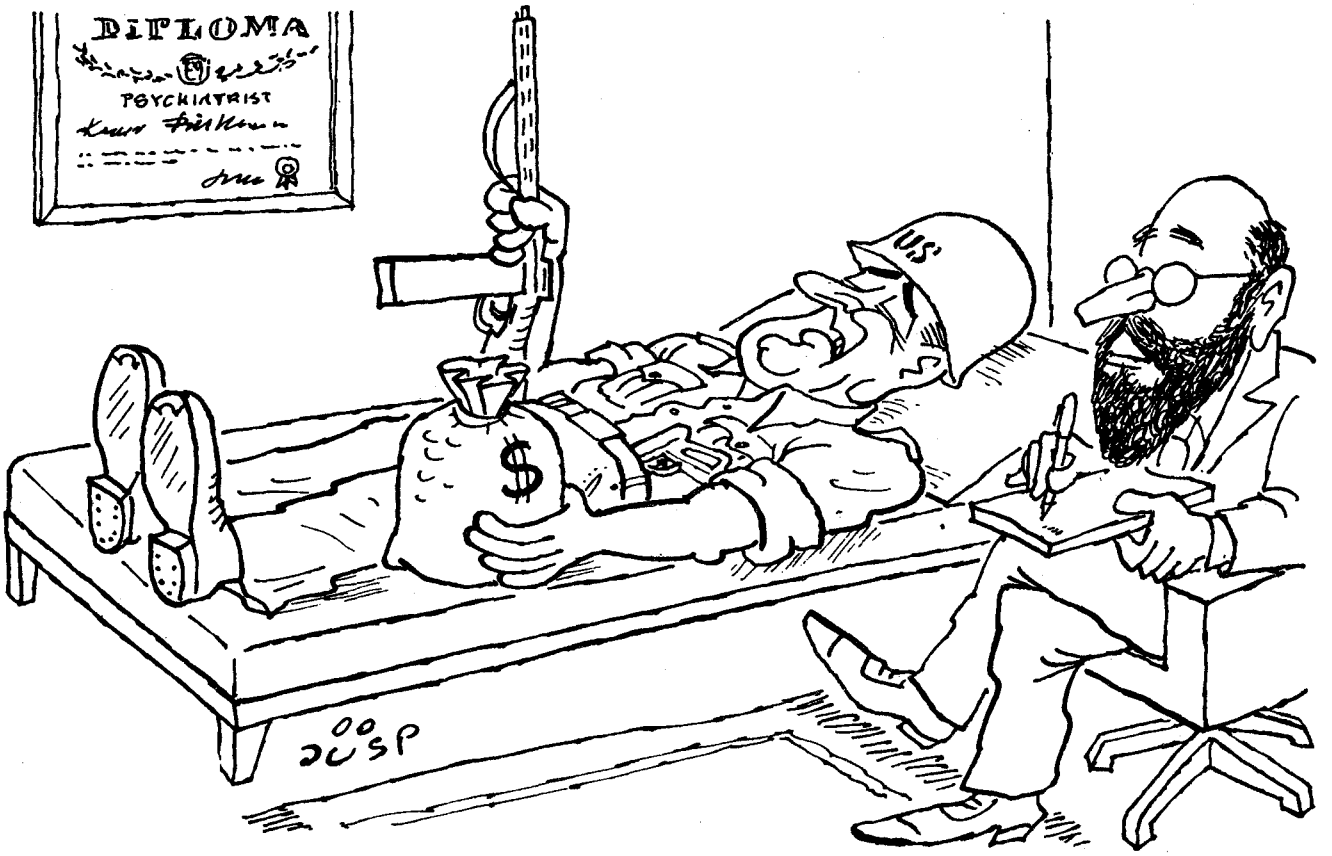
THE LIMITATIONS OF MILITARY FORCE. It is now said in Washington that a conflict such as that in Vietnam cannot be won by military force alone. Senators and Administration foreign-policy makers are fond of reminding us that this sort of war is fought in the minds and hearts of men. Unless there are basic political, social and economic reforms, the people will not have sufficient stake in the government of South Vietnam to move them to continue the struggle.

Those sound like enlightened words. But the time is now 1966, and the same sentiments were spoken by people in the same positions more than a decade ago when we first assumed responsibility for South Vietnam. No doubt our ambassadors have sought to persuade the various South Vietnamese governments to get some reforms going, but we have not bargained with them. We have not said to them: "Unless you launch some of the reforms necessary to make your people believe your government is worth defending, we will withdraw our military support."

We did not bargain because we were not willing to face the possible rejection of our demands. We have not dared even to begin reducing our forces, lest that open the way to a Vietcong victory.

It is now too late for bargaining, and recent developments suggest that the Administration is trying a new approach. As U. S. forces have in effect assumed military control over those areas not in Vietcong hands, we are increasingly establishing political control. Do we now mean to saturate the countryside with technical assistance and push through these reforms that the Saigon regimes have been unable or unwilling to effect?

Such a program would make South Vietnam a U. S. colony in fact, if not in the words of our policy makers. We may tell ourselves that these measures will be good for the South Vietnamese, but the history of colonialism does not support the statement. Whatever "good things" are done for them, the dependent people know very well that they are not running their own show. Sooner or later they get tired of being told what to do and invite the foreign rulers to go home.



(Switzerland) Ben Roth

"They Don't Like Me"

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REWARDS AND INVESTMENTS. Sociologist George Homans has discovered an important principle of social life: men act as if they believed that the rewards they receive should be proportionate to the investments they make. This principle is illustrated every day when people talk about the jobs they hold. On the investment side are such factors as education, skill, knowledge, seniority, effort and social background. On the reward side are such factors as pay, social prestige and the intrinsic satisfactions of the job. When a man feels that his rewards are equal to or greater than his investments, he is satisfied with his job. When he feels that his investments exceed his rewards, he is dissatisfied—and is likely to do something to try to balance the equation.

I suspect that this principle applies also to the behavior of groups and nations. In an international crisis, the policy makers come to a decision and begin making investments in that decision—the deployment of the material and human resources of the country, the lives of fighting men, the reputations of the policy makers. The more the investment, the stronger the commitment to insist that rewards to match it must be forthcoming. The policy makers look hopefully for the rewards that are going to balance their investments. Their subordinates in the field are naturally led to report favorable developments that would seem to promise these rewards. And the policy makers give out reassuring statements. (It was not so many months ago that Secretary McNamara was publicly foreseeing the gradual withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam, beginning a year following his statement.)

This article is the first in a series on American foreign policy, the world's shifting axes of power, treaties and natural alliances and similar topics, which *The Nation* will publish over the next few months. The second piece in the series will be a discussion by Charles O. Lerche, Jr., of international relations in this post-cold war period.

This process suggests a modification of the Homans' principle: if actual rewards do not balance investments, those responsible for the investments will seek to create the illusion of balance. In recent months, newsmen have presented well-documented cases of distortion of news by the government, both in Vietnam and in Santo Domingo. I suggest that these distortions do not arise out of the dishonesty of particular officials. They arise out of the pressures created when the investments-rewards equation is seriously out of balance.

The more a policy fails to produce rewards, the more is invested in that policy; and the more invested, the greater the commitment to prove that the policy will eventually pay off. Is there no way out of this vicious circle? If one can judge from recent history, there are two conditions under which nations persuade themselves to abandon such costly international policies:

(*1*) The policy meets a sudden and dramatic disaster. Everything invested in it has already been lost, and the policy maker either must make massive new investments or else cut his losses. (Dienbienphu and the Bay of Pigs.)

(*2*) The man who decides to abandon the policy is a *different man from the one who made the major investments.* (De Gaulle in Algeria.)

On this analysis, the point of no return for the Johnson Administration was passed more than a year ago. In September of 1963, President Kennedy said that while we could help the South Vietnamese government by sending equipment and advisers, "in the final analysis, it is their war. They are the ones who have to win it or lose it."

In the fall and winter of 1964-65, it became apparent that if we continued to regard the war as "their war," the Saigon government was going to lose—and soon and decisively. If he had stood by the "their war" concept, President Johnson could have got us out at that time with but small loss to the investments of his Administration. That choice point is now behind us. The heavy investments in Vietnamese policy are now those of Johnson, Rusk, McNamara and their chief advisers. We can only hope, with the President, that the road chosen will lead to a negotiated settlement—before it leads to World War III.

CONCLUSIONS. If this analysis is correct, the Administration investments in the Vietnamese are now so enormous that we are completely locked in to present policies. If we cannot pull out of Vietnam, can we at least learn anything from this experience that will enable us to avoid such costly and risky enterprises in the future? The argument thus far presented leads me to the following suggestions:

(*1*) Let us be more skeptical in the future regarding historical analogies. Let us not be content with asking: what are the similarities between situation X and the situation we now face? Let us also ask: what are the *differences*? Only by asking both questions can we avoid the seductive oversimplifications of argument from analogy.

(*2*) Let us pay less attention to ideology and more attention to actions. Let us recognize that there is no such thing as communism. If we use the word to refer to form of government and to political, economic and military policies, then we should more properly refer to communism 1, (Russia), communism 2 (China), communism 3 (Yugoslavia), communism 4 (Poland), communism 5 (Rumania), communism 6 (North Vietnam), and so on. These communisms do, of course, have some elements in common, but we delude ourselves by looking for similarities only. If we also look for differences, we shall find that some communisms pose a threat to the interests of the United States and others do not. From this it follows that if a country "goes Communist," the event may—or may not—threaten the interests of the United States. As we outgrew childhood, we learned that the bogy man did not exist. Have we re-created him in our fixation on monolithic communism?

(*3*) Let us finally put into practice the lesson we keep telling ourselves: that wars are not won by military force alone, that victory for a government we support depends in large measure upon the commitment of the people to support that government. Concretely, this means that we should not commit ourselves to supporting a government which has little or no popular support. We should not require that to win our support a government must conform to our ideal of progressive democracy, but we should require good evidence of strong popular support. We should also be convinced that the government is willing and able

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to carry out such reforms as will hold and strengthen that support. Finally, since we can never be sure in advance that a given government will actually carry out a promised reform, we must retain our bargaining power. Let us not allow the political leaders to believe that a victory for "communism" is so unthinkable to us that we will support them no matter what they do or fail to do. Overcoming the bogy-man mentality should enable us to think the unthinkable and to recognize that a victory for communism (type X) will not necessarily be more harmful to our interests than continuing to invest in a government that shows no inclination to carry out policies that will build popular support.

(*4*) It is vital to recognize that any of us can be trapped by our investments, and that our freedom of action may thus become increasingly limited. Let us therefore explore alternative courses of action more thoroughly before we make our investments. This would require the President and all Administration policy makers to reach out actively in search of sources of information, ideas and recommendations *beyond* the regular Administration channels. Finally, as the first investments are being made, the policy maker should recognize the natural tendency of these investments to block him off from evidences of failure of the policy and from those inclined to criticize the policy. Unless the policy maker exerts a determined effort to establish and keep open such channels of information and opinion, he will soon find himself surrounded by like-minded people whose view of what is going on comes to be determined less and less by events and more and more by investments.

(*5*) If we are concerned with how other nations view us, let us not limit our concern to perceptions of power. If we wish to project abroad the vision we have of our own society, we must inquire whether the image perceived by others is in line with our own ideals.

Should we care how others regard us? Or should we just defend the interests of the United States and not worry about the opinions of outsiders? Those questions formulate the issue in unrealistic either-or terms. Clearly we cannot bind ourselves to take only such actions as will be approved by allies and friendly neutrals. The policy makers must be concerned first with our own country and must be prepared at times to risk unpopularity abroad. On the other hand, few would claim that what other nations think of us makes no difference in the balance of forces in the world. Clearly there is something wrong when we regard ourselves as a peace-loving nation and many people in other (and friendly) nations regard us as aggressive and irresponsible. It can hardly be considered an un-American policy to show an interest in our image in the world. The founding fathers wrote into the preamble of the Declaration of Independence an obligation to "show a decent respect for the opinions of mankind."

THE MEXICAN-AMERICANS

New Wind from the Southwest

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Los Angeles

For Americans, the word "minority" evokes the image of a people with long-standing grievances. It implies a moral claim on American society and, probably, a potential for political action and civil disruption. Here at the moment "minority" means Negro, but American society contains at least one other population, rigorously a minority, that is rarely thought of when the word comes up.

Four million Mexican-Americans in five Southwestern states bear important grievances and problems. They represent a major political potential. Recently they have shown signs of a capacity for civil disruption. It is ironic that the Mexican struggle for the simplest of the heritages of American life should occur in the Southwest, for the Western states are outspoken in praise (if not in practice) of free-swinging tolerance. Today a new purposefulness is appearing in the forgotten ghettos of the Southwest. The new hope lies in a discovery by the Mexican of himself as a minority. He is even accepting the image of himself as a national problem—disfranchised, poor, badly educated and excluded from the national dialogue. This acceptance is a remarkable victory for a new leadership that now seeks goals on the national level. It is the first sign that the stereotype of the Mexican-Americans as rural and as foreign is breaking down and it makes possible a start toward fuller political participation.

Evidence of this vital change has been growing for several years. The election in Crystal City, Tex., whereby for a time the Mexicans won control of the city government, attracted national attention. Most significant, however, was the fact that Mexicans and interested Anglo organizations came to Crystal City — and stayed — until the Mexicans had won.

Earlier this year, the Delano, Calif., grape workers' strike became front-page news in *The New York Times*. This pleased the Mexicans, of course, but the real significance lies in Cesar Chavez's careful engineering of the strike on a national scale, using—after the manner of Selma—a full range of interested religious and civil rights groups. A national boycott was widely publicized, political leaders from the governor of California on down were involved, often against their will. And, in time, Schenley Industries acted according to a national rather than a Kern County policy.

A less widely known event, but one even more important to the Mexicans, climaxed a long and frustrating relationship with federal equal rights groups. The present Equal Employment Opportunities Commission is headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., a man who promised the Mexi-

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cans "personal" attention to their employment problems in the Southwest. But not only was there no action on this promise; the commission failed even to give a single Mexican a voice in policy—either among the commissioners or on the staff. Last March, the commission called still another in a long series of meetings to "discuss" the problem. But the new Mexican-American leaders were tired of meetings and promises. At Albuquerque they walked out of the meeting and proceeded to organize themselves into a committee to deal directly with President Johnson. This dramatic bypassing of a federal agency stems from a completely new definition of the "Mexican problem" by the Mexican leaders. The men and women at Albuquerque considered themselves quite able to speak for all the Mexicans in five states—and on a national level.

The fifty-odd rebels making up that committee are relatively young, few older than the late 40s. Nearly all are native-born Americans, but it is significant that few of them hold any elected office. It is still almost impossible to elect Mexican-Americans to public office in most parts of the Southwest. There are among them no paid representatives of Mexican organizations, and that is a handicap, because the time for equal rights leadership must be stolen from business, scholarship and the professions.

Most important of all, this group is closely tied together by long and close cooperation; as a "network," it has existed for years. What is new is the climate that now allows it to present Mexican problems on a national level. A long process of internal change within the Mexican population is now making itself felt on the surface of American life.

Among the changes is a weakening of the traditional pattern of political isolation. The question, "Why should I become an American citizen?" was common among the older immigrant generation. "I can't wear my naturalization papers. People still treat me as Mexican." But the rate of naturalization has been increasing, particularly in far Western segments of the Mexican population and in urban areas. A little-noticed provision of the Walters-McCarran Act of 1950 gave legal residents of foreign birth who were 50 years of age or over the privilege of qualifying for naturalization in their native language. Organized groups like the Community Service Organization (CSO) speeded the already increasing rate of naturalization when they established Spanish classes in U. S. citizenship. Further, the older and sometimes more embittered generation is being replaced by a younger population which accepts American citizenship as a normal fact of life. Both the steady jobs that this once transient population found during World War II and the new habit of living for many years in a single city have accelerated the rate of naturalization. As one might expect, each year the ties, real or imagined, with Mexico and "Mexican culture" grow fainter. Parades celebrating Mexican national holidays increasingly function like New York's St. Patrick's Day celebration—a field day for politicians.

Mexicans are learning to live with the full range of modern institutions in large cities. Schools, welfare bureaucracies, labor unions, police and an elaborate public health system have all required adaptation. All of them disturbed and disrupted the highly localistic Mexican communities. Traditional spokesmen were replaced by younger leaders who drew their authority from the local community rather than from Anglo politicians. With the new ways of life came new reasons for uniting the community. Police

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brutality, for example, is still an ugly and immediate reality to many Mexicans. An urbanized community meant that immigration agents could more easily locate illegal immigrants. And no matter how harmless, youthful Mexican gangs became permanently identified in the Anglo mind with juvenile delinquency. These and other conflicts sharpened the need for organized Mexican voting. In California, the Community Service Organization (supported by Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation) set up the machinery for mass registration drives.

The larger society is also changing, however slowly. Not only is America generally more liberal; large-scale migration to the West has brought in a young, well-educated populace only faintly acquainted with Southwestern patterns of intolerance. Again the changes occur most rapidly in large cities. Studies of Mexican segregation in California show that even today some of the smaller cities ghettoize Mexicans as rigidly as Southern communities segregate the Negroes.

The new leaders have built this growing consciousness of identity despite the handicap of an enormously diverse population. However possible it may be to imagine an average Negro or an average Japanese-American, it is obviously ridiculous to postulate a typical Mexican-American. At one extreme, nearly 1 million Texas Mexicans live at an economic level not much above that of their ancestors in the aftermath of their defeat in the war with the United States. Most of these are concentrated in south Texas, a sort of Appalachia that runs through thirty counties along the lower Gulf Coast and the Rio Grande valley. Here the Mexican is largely rural, nearly illiterate and lives in part according to the Mexican colonial class system, in part by the plantation system of the South. Further north and west, the "Spanish" of New Mexico and Colorado are very different. Many claim unmixed ancestry from early Spanish settlers to escape the "Mexican" stigma; some, in fact, adopt the racial prejudices of the Anglos, discriminating against new arrivals from Mexico and, generally, against anyone of dark complexion. While California Mexicans appear to be more militant in their demands, they are also less specific about their goals. Texans, on the other hand, appear more specific about goals but less militant in tactics. In the far West, and most particularly in the booming industrial cities of California, a better-educated, better-fed, but a not necessarily politically more mature group has appeared since World War II. Many are migrants from other parts of the Southwest. This group supplies most of the Young Turks among the California Mexican leadership.

In past years this very diversity of population has prevented effective national expression of Mexican hopes. Even now at least one respected and well-informed Mexican theorist believes that this minority cannot be organized nationally. Many who are identified with the new leadership persist in thinking otherwise, even in the teeth of several failures to consolidate existing Mexican organizations or to build a single pressure group.

Very recently (and most unexpectedly) the new leadership has picked up some important support. It comes as a strange by-product of the new federal poverty legislation. For the first time in American history, impoverished groups can get direct assistance from the federal government and by-pass the local power establishment. Moreover, help is given not to qualified and needy individuals but to qualified and needy groups. The result in thousands of Mexican communities has been electrifying. Local poverty programs are giving Mexicans a high degree of self-consciousness. And the immediate result of nearly every poverty program in nearly every community is social conflict. Sometimes the Anglo power structure must be fought in order to get the assistance, as is happening in south Texas. Sometimes the spoils must be divided with other minorities.

This latter cause of friction is of increasing importance. Mexicans are now being forced, willy-nilly, to join forces in order to compete with Negroes. In Los Angeles, as a notable example, the Negro rioting in Watts was particularly resented by many Mexicans because the Mexicans got no rewards for *not* rioting. After the riots new job-training programs, new schools, new hospitals, new job opportunities seemed to pour into Watts. There were few such benefits for East Los Angeles where the Mexicans live, and the lesson is not lost on the leadership. Albert Pena of Texas comments: "Last year at the President's meeting on civil rights there were 3,000 delegates. But there were only eight of us Latin Americans. Our problems were not discussed—only Negro problems. We were told consistently, 'The trouble with you is, you don't make enough noise, you don't demonstrate, you don't raise Cain enough.' "

Many Mexican leaders hope for a Negro-Mexican coalition. Many fear that the militancy of the Negro will leave the Mexican without a fair share of programs stemming from the war on poverty. Others fear that irresponsible voices will distort the nature of the competition between the Negro poor and the unemployed Mexican and thereby inflame passions and cause conflict. Others insist that the problem of competition is less among the people on the community level and more among the professionals who compete for appointive positions and political advantage. Minority coalitions have never done well in the Southwest. Nonetheless the new Mexican leader studies Negro civil rights technique with a degree of attention approaching the Pentagon's study of Chinese guerrillas. Mexican and Negro objectives are the same: to squeeze as much money and help as possible out of the federal government.

In contrasting Negro and Mexican techniques it must be remembered that the Negro drive for civil rights is based at least partially on a mass movement with mass organizations. Mexican leadership as yet rests on the frailest of rank-and-file participation. The new wave of regional solidarity may yet produce such a mass movement, but even the most optimistic of the new leaders believe it to be far in the future. Perhaps some dramatic touch is needed. The Mexican population was sharply reduced by mass repatriations on two separate occasions: in the 1930s at least 100,000 persons were removed to Mexico, and again in 1955 more than 1 million persons were rounded up in Operation Wetback. These events, traumatic to the Mexicans, are little known by the general public. Sympathy for minorities in the United States seems to flourish in a climate of well-publicized persecution. Anti-Semitism became nearly extinct after Hitler. The Mexicans have not profited from the drama inherent in the Puerto Ricans' sudden invasion of

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New York. There have been no Emancipation Proclamations. Few ballad singers or novelists (there have been one or two exceptions) to speak to the nation—and to the world—on behalf of the Mexican.

Mexicans, still largely confined to one region of the United States, are hard to see and hard to understand. Until very recently, they have escaped the attention of academic students of race relations. Even the West's widespread and undeserved reputation for racial tolerance has helped to obscure its Mexican population, which has not found effective ways to communicate its complaints.

It is likely that this passivity is ending. In a sense, it ended for the Mexican leaders after the walkout at Albuquerque. Now it is also ending in hundreds of communities through the mechanism of the war against poverty. In time a new militancy may sweep away both regional differences and political isolation. The new techniques of the Albuquerque protest and of Cesar Chavez suit the temper of the Mexican population. Recently, Dr. Hector Garcia, the founder of the Mexican G.I. Forum in San Antonio, warned the White House of the new temper. He said (and this is remarkable for a Mexican whose home is in Texas) that Mexicans were prepared to march in the streets if that were necessary to reach their goals. Dr. George Sanchez puts it all in Spanish. *No queremos que nos den atole con el dedo.* (We don't want to be fed mush with a finger.)

Reporter on the UN Beat

HELLA PICK
From 1961 until June of this year, Hella Pick has been the Manchester Guardian's *correspondent at the United Nations.*

"The United Nations is the hope of the world." Anyone whose business it is to report the affairs of the UN hears this sort of generalized blessing (along, of course, with fewer but equally vague curses) as part of the standard conversation. Very rarely, however, does praise or condemnation extend to the point of understanding the functions of the UN — its activities, scope and limitations — as reasonably well-informed people understand the institutions of their own country. The UN is there as a backdrop to international debate—a place where Mr. Khrushchev pounded his shoe, where Dr. Castro made marathon speeches, where the newly independent countries can let off steam. There the Russians, the British, the Americans woo their friends and discuss disarmament, Peking is kept out and the honor of Formosa defended. Despite its own financial crisis, the UN is promoting a development decade, and has its finger in many economic and social pies. Those, without exaggeration, are the kinds of vague notions and odd facts about the UN that are held by some of its closest friends.

Very few people can have firsthand knowledge of the United Nations at work in New York. In many parts of the world, people have been touched by one UN activity or another: books from UNESCO, vaccinations from WHO, investment capital from the Development Program, a truce observer in Kashmir; blue berets in the Congo. But to gain a perspective understanding of the UN, there is really no substitute for the reporters—not just the press, but delegates themselves, and the academics who attempt a more profound analysis. Far too often, unfortunately, these become bogged down in unrealistic sentiment, or mountains of details; all too rarely do they emphasize what's significant and interesting.

Radio and television, newspapers and magazines are the chief purveyors of news about the United Nations, and if there is an imperfect understanding of the institution, much of the blame lies with them. During the few years that I have been trying to get items about the United Nations into my paper, I have naturally often asked myself just what the difficulty is. Part of the answer lies in the words just used: "trying to get items about the UN into the paper." Events at the United Nations must compete with happenings elsewhere, and very few editors rank the UN in the news class with, say, Washington or London, or Moscow or Bonn.

Editors tend to think of the United Nations as a talking shop rather than as a place of action; and even at that, they generally rate it a second-class talking shop, from which original and major policy pronouncements are scarcely to be expected. Although the United Nations has a great many accredited correspondents, probably less than 200 are there on full-time assignment. The leading wire services are fairly fully represented, but their main job is to report decisions and summarize speeches, rather than to search out and interpret the news. In a way, the wire services are part of the trouble: news editors receive a wire-service report on some long, convoluted speech, or on an intricately worded resolution that has been voted upon paragraph by paragraph. How can these be made to seem worth the attention of the average reader?

Relatively few major newspapers and radio networks consider it necessary to maintain full-time UN coverage. The American press is probably most strongly represented. *The New York Times,* outdoing everybody, maintains a bureau of several correspondents, and the great mystery is how they keep themselves occupied, month in, month out, whether the General Assembly is in session or not. The three TV networks also have full-time bureaus. The rest of the world is very thin on the ground. There are isolated pockets of interest: Canadians, Indians, Yugoslavs, Japanese—newspaper men from countries that have always kept a special interest in the United Nations. The correspondents from Communist countries are again mainly wire-service representatives. For Great Britain the *Times* and the B.B.C. for many years maintained lone outposts.

The news sources at the UN are daunting. First, a vast amount of information stems from the UN's Office of Public Information: summaries and verbatim reports of proceedings in committees, letters to the Security Council, re-

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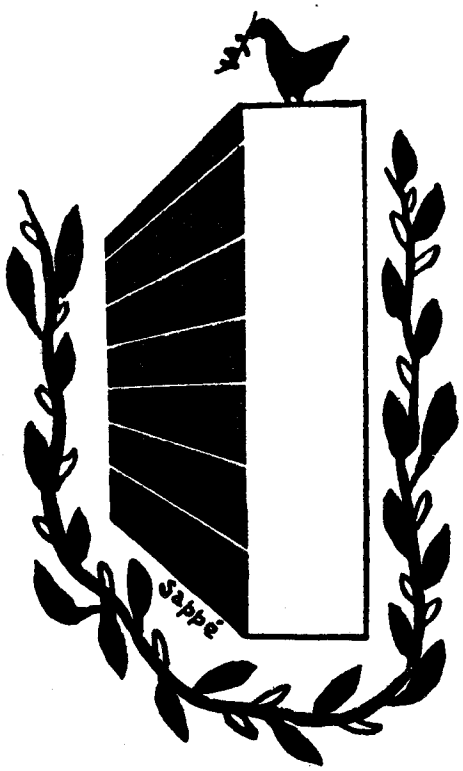
ports on the whole range of subjects into which one or another organ of the UN may be inquiring, notes on the activities of the specialized agencies, etc. Then there are the actual proceedings of the General Assembly and the Security Council—some correspondents believe in listening to speeches! Next, press briefings are given regularly by the OPI, and by the United States and British delegations; and, now, as a sudden and very welcome innovation, the USSR delegation also gives occasional ones.

While the General Assembly is in session, many statesmen visit it from abroad, and few of them would think of leaving the building without addressing the press. When there is a Security Council meeting on, say, the Cyprus issue, Turkish, Greek and Cypriot ministers will insist on giving the press their respective, often contradictory, views. Ambassador Goldberg now holds a regular monthly press conference; the Secretary-General's rarer meetings generally attract the largest crowd of newsmen the UN sees.

But these are all public pronouncements. There is also all the private gossiping and sleuthing. Correspondents circulate freely; they can spend endless energies in tracing the making of resolutions and in trying to uncover the bargaining that lies behind them; they can hunt for clues on the relations between member countries; and even for signs of movement on issues like Vietnam or Berlin that are not "officially" handled at the United Nations. The give and take at UN headquarters can provide a quite accurate gauge of the state of East-West relations—even if the actual action is elsewhere. During the Cuba missile crisis, for example, the UN was clearly not the theatre for the major decisions; at the same time, the debates in the Security Council, and even more, the private meetings that were being held, and the confidential views expressed by delegates, provided prying reporters with important hints on the attitudes of the protagonists. Nobody at the UN, any more than in Washington, could be absolutely certain that the USSR would dismantle its missile sites until Khrushchev's agreement finally came, but the UN in those dramatic days offered considerable evidence that the USSR was seeking a way out.

On Vietnam, UN sources first provided confirmation that the U.S. had rejected or ignored a series of feelers for talks with Hanoi, which U Thant had initiated in 1963 and 1964. And delegates who are in touch with Moscow or Hanoi can often provide a perspective on the Vietnamese situation that cannot be obtained in Washington. Not long ago, diplomats were to be found in the delegates' lounge, sipping away at their cocktails and suggesting that Poland's recent note to the Security Council demanding the representation of East Germany is a portent of some major Soviet moves aimed at finding a solution to the German problem.

Of course, in the absence of other clues, such speculations may be little more than flights of fancy. The great problem for a reporter at the United Nations is to avoid being drowned in the welter of information and rumor—and carefully planted myths—that envelop him. The first requirement is to get the United Nations into perspective, to realize that it is neither the cure-all for the world's ills, nor a tower of Babel. Very few major decisions are taken at the UN, but it is a bazaar where major and minor nations cultivate international opinion, explore ideas and are



sometimes persuaded to modify policies and broaden perspectives. The UN is in fact an excellent school of international relations; but far from having attained supranational status, it is a place where countries expose and pursue their national interests.

The second requirement is to avoid excessive parochialism. Insiders at the United Nations undoubtedly become fascinated by the interplay of forces in the making of resolutions, but it doesn't have to be reported to the outside world. I have myself spent whole days in UN corridors following Security Council developments on, for example, Rhodesia or Cyprus, and trying to predict the final shape of some resolution. At the time, it all seemed vital, and my inclination was to write detailed accounts of the maneuvers that were going on. But in the end, all that really mattered was to explain why the Security Council had not initially imposed mandatory sanctions against Rhodesia; or why the Council continues to authorize the maintenance of a UN force in Cyprus.

The UN's peace-keeping crisis has offered particularly tempting opportunities for parochialism. For many months it dominated UN conversations; but generally the detailed ramifications of the dispute were at the center of attention, rarely the fundamentals that were causing it. For that reason, perhaps, some journalists failed to recognize—and point out to their readers—that the U.S.-led attempt to enforce payments of arrears was doomed to failure. What is more, there is a widespread failure to understand outside the UN, at any rate, that this whole dispute is far less about money than about the relations between the major powers in the UN and the extent to which they are willing to delegate their sovereignty. For a time it was fashionable to write—and I plead guilty—that the existence of the UN was at stake in the peace-keeping dispute. It would have been far more accurate to say that the character of the

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UN as an institution evolving toward some kind of supranational character was at stake.

The third requirement is to concentrate on economics as well as politics. The UN's work in the field of economic and social development is not merely manifold but meaningful. It is far too easy and common for reporters at the UN to say to themselves that the "economic" stories are for the specialist papers; or that they are timeless and can be written "later" when the politicians will be in recess. But much is happening on the UN's economic front, and it can be made at least as interesting as many of the political stories. I am sure, for example, that far more people would like to read of the UN's role in channeling food from surplus countries to the needy parts of the world, than would want to wade through yet one more description of UN debates on disarmament. UN officials rightly complain that far too little is written about the UN's economic activities.

It's easy enough to fall into a comfortable—and yet stimulating—routine at the United Nations; it is easy also to forget the outside world. A few correspondents at the UN have worked there since it opened for business. But, like the delegates, if they stay more than three or four years, they tend to get stale. My last requirement for a useful reporter at the United Nations is that he should not become a fixture, and that piece of advice I am taking myself.

ABRAM FISCHER

An Afrikaner Fights Apartheid

THOMAS LAND
Mr. Land is a Canadian political journalist now based in London.

London

The intention of the South African apartheid administration to discredit the British-based Defence and Aid Fund and to destroy Abram Fischer during the same trial was a logical development. For, since the notorious treason trials of 1957, the name of the "confessed" Communist QC has become internationally associated with the legal fight against the apartheid laws, and the fund was set up, largely with funds from Christian Action, to assist those who stood accused of political crimes. Silencing one and depriving the other of popular trust and financial support would solve many future problems for the masters of South Africa.

Allegations that the fund has used money entrusted to it to finance subversion in South Africa have been repeated by state witnesses before the court and before the foreign correspondents gathered to record what probably was the final public appearance of Abram Fischer, the grandson of a head of state. The Fischer trial has captured the imagination of newspaper readers, and thus provided an international forum for the prosecution's arguments. Dr. Verwoerd may need more Buccaneer aircraft, but he has no lack of first-rate public relations consultants.

Fischer, the lawyer who jumped bail, the upper-class Afrikaner who adopted and brought up an African girl as his own child, the hero of Rivonia who lost his liberty only a few days after saving the lives of Nelson Mandela and his associates, is already approaching the realm of legend. He was granted bail to fight a case in Southern Rhodesia. He returned ("I will not leave my country because my political beliefs conflict with those of the government") to stand trial with thirteen others under the Suppression of Communism Act.

Then, in January, 1965, he disappeared, to become South Africa's most wanted man. He wrote from hiding:

> I wish to inform the court that my action, though desperate, is not intended to be disrespectful. Nor is it prompted by any fear of the punishment which might be inflicted on me. . . . My decision was made only because I believe it is the duty of every true opponent of the government in this country to oppose its monstrous policy with every means in his power.

He was caught last November, using what police described as a brilliant disguise.

Had he followed his family's tradition, Fischer today could be a South African cabinet minister or a judge of appeal. His grandfather was President of Orange Free State; his father, judge president. Fischer himself is described by one who knows him well as "warm and friendly, a patient man, modest with a barely glimpsed but positive authority. . . . Not exactly characteristic of a rebel."

After attending Cape Town University, he was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford and became a successful barrister in Johannesburg. (His specialties: mining and water rights.) In the 1930s he joined the still legal Communist Party. He was fined in 1946 with other members of the central committee of the SACP for their part in organizing a brutally suppressed strike by 100,000 African miners who were demanding a minimum wage of less than $1.50 a day. Four years later, he was barred from political activities.

The SACP stands, one assumes, for the creation of a Marxist state; but its short-term goals, including the acceptance of the Freedom Charter for all races, coincide with those of the African nationalist movement. For decades, it was the only white political movement in South Africa that opposed white supremacy. And as Mandela was to say during the Rivonia trial, "theoretical differences among those fighting against oppression are a luxury we cannot afford at this stage."

Fischer's association with Defence and Aid originates from its early days in 1956 when Christian Action and the Bar Council in Britain sent Gerald Gardiner, QC—now Lord Gardiner, the British Lord Chancellor—to Johannesburg to watch the proceedings of the treason trial. Money to finance legal defense, and to assist the dependents of the 156 lead-

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ing members of the movement for the Freedom Charter, was raised all over North America and Europe. Fischer was joint leader with Israel Maisels, QC, of the defense. The trial lasted four and a half years. All the accused were acquitted.

The trial was still in progress when the Sharpeville massacre, following a nonviolent anti-pass campaign, and the subsequent state of emergency in 1960 demanded new funds and new efforts. Forty seconds of gunfire had killed sixty-eight and wounded 186 others. Mass arrests followed, with Mrs. Molly Fischer among the thousands detained for months without a charge. Defence and Aid poured money into South Africa; and Fischer was busy making arrangements for the representation of the wounded and bereaved before a commission of inquiry, for the defense of those charged with violence, and for the care of their families.

Perhaps his finest period was during the Rivonia trial of 1963-64 when he led the defense, and saved ten leaders of the African Nationalist Congress from the gallows. Mandela and his associates had been accused of sabotage and planning a violent revolution. A few days later Fischer himself was arrested.

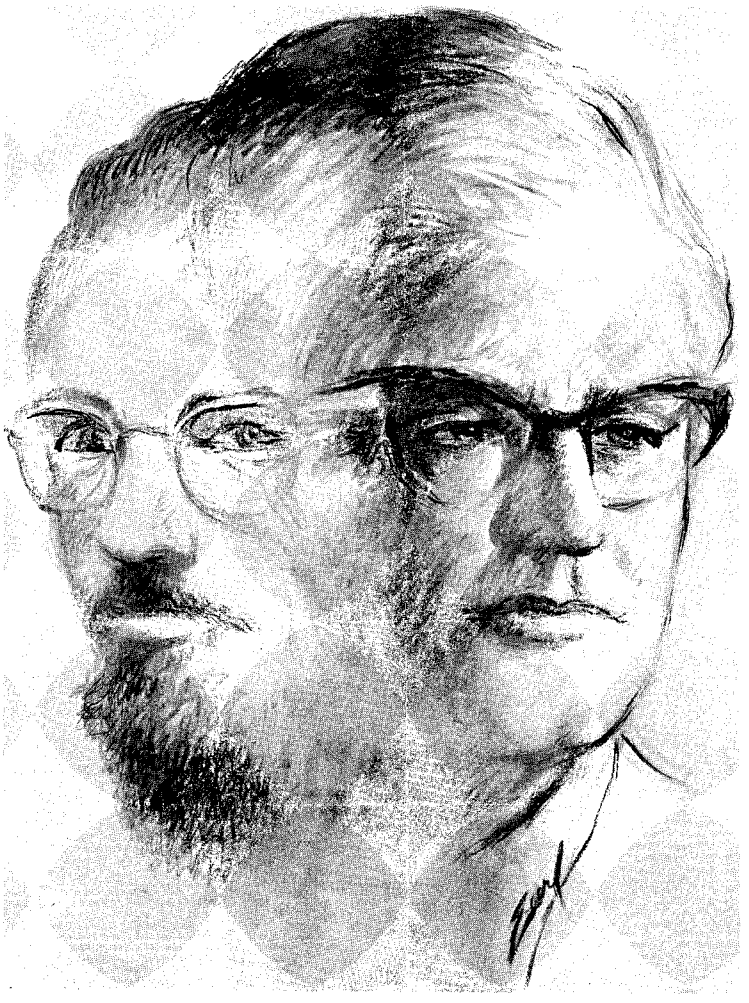
In his trial, just over, he faced an indictment on fifteen counts, including Communist activity, fraud and conspiracy. And Christian Action, together with the Institution of Race Relations and the Christian Institute of South Africa, was accused of spending money, ostensibly raised for charitable purposes, through Fischer to finance subversion.

Canon Collins, the founder and president of Christian Action, told the special apartheid committee of the United Nations in a petition that the activities of Defence and Aid Fund serve to foster the morale of those who resist apartheid. "This statement," he says, "has been distorted to mean that the money is misused to foster violence." The fund has, in fact, sent nearly $1.5 million into South Africa during its almost ten years of existence. It has met South African smearing attacks from time to time, but the organization says they have recently intensified.

Christian Action has filed a libel suit against Tandem Books, Ltd., and the authors of the book called *The Puppeteers* which seeks out Communist and extreme left-wing connections in organizations opposed to the minority administrations of Southern Africa. Copies are sold at the South African Embassy in London.

"Without arguing the pros and cons of a continuation of responsible government in Southern Africa," as the authors put it, the book probes into the political backgrounds of such suspicious characters as British Cabinet Minister Barbara Castle, Lord Fenner Brockway and author Ronald Segal.

It devotes a carefully written chapter to Christian Action, the wording of which will no doubt be analyzed before the courts. And in the meantime, Christian Action is expecting more attacks, and more money, as South Africa's new series of trials gets under way.



Abram Fischer: Disguised and In Person

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

I Come Out of My Hiding Place

PETER WEISS

The following speech was written and delivered in English by Mr. Weiss at a conference on The Artist in the Affluent Society *held at Princeton University on April 25. Mr. Weiss now lives in Sweden; his writings are in German and include* Marat/Sade *and* The Investigation, *to be produced in New York in October. At the read-in on Vietnam held at Columbia University, Mr. Weiss read a section of* The Investigation, *a play based on testimony at the Auschwitz trials.*

Since the beginning of my work my attitude toward commitment has steadily changed. In my first attempts to write I had only my own existence in mind. It was the time of emigration and war. I didn't belong anywhere and I made a virtue out of the non-belonging. My commitment was not to be engaged in a struggle which in my view was insane. Even if the whole world were to divide into a life-and-death struggle I would try to keep out of it. I would dig myself into a hiding place as long as possible, as I couldn't see any ideology which was worth sacrificing my life for. I still was the child hiding from the street fighting, from my cellar hole observing the brawls and screams from the world above. Art was born out of a voluntary isolation. I would describe for myself what was going on up there, and I described it as an absurdity of powers rolling head-on toward each other. Sometimes I saw somebody being knocked down, I heard him yell for help, but I made no move to come to his rescue. I saw them lying wounded on the streets and I still kept quiet. My commitment was not to draw any attention to myself. So I could build up my superiority while the world outside was in convulsions.

Soon there were corpses on the streets. I saw how people were pulled out of their homes, loaded into trucks and driven away, I heard the shooting, more screams. Still I didn't move. Then the houses were bombed down. Whole cities were bombed into ashes. The country filled with fugitives, mountains of dead at the waysides, and I still not injured. Even if it was all quiet in my hole I had frightful experiences of the imagination. Real peace was impossible, even for me, as long as the disaster was going on outside. I thought constantly about how it was to be persecuted, to be caught, to be beaten and shot to death. This went on for years.

Still I had no idea what it was all about. All my strength was concentrated in not getting involved. I was fascinated by the power of destruction, I was drawing and writing down my visions, I made art into a shelter as the world fell apart.

It's their own fault, I was thinking, when I saw the soldiers marching and dying, I could only imagine they acted in blindness, since I myself was blind.

What an existence I built up for myself. An existence consisting of books, paintings, music, sporadic love-making. An existence crowned with the triumph of being still alive. Of having a room of my own, with a key to my own door.

Then suddenly it was all over. Nothing was damaged in my room, there was food in the kitchen, outside there were millions and millions of dead. Now, when danger was over, I dared to go out. Who was it who had fought outside, who was it who got killed, who was it who had killed?

But I still could not see the connections which had made this slaughter possible. I only saw some of them who had fought against each other, then embrace each other and turn against a third one. I saw how, even as they were reconstructing their cities, they constructed new weapons, I saw how quickly they forgot the buried corpses. This only confirmed my view of one great nightmare, and I could live on, content that I was right.

But I still hadn't answered the question why they had let themselves be killed, all these millions—and then, very slowly, I had to experience it all over again, how they had been caught, how they had been punished to death. And not all of them had fought back. Many of them, if not most of them, had been as I had been, passive, frightened, not understanding, just overwhelmed by this sudden horror. How was it possible? How could they let themselves be torn out of their homes, see their children and parents die, see everything they owned be demolished, and then step into their own graves?

Now my commitment led me to a search for the reasons for this dying, which seemed so meaningless. In the beginning I could still identify myself with either the murdered or the murderers. I no longer thought of myself as different or better than they were and I thought it would just depend on which side I had been put. I tried to describe the surroundings in which I grew up, and I saw how I had been educated toward one goal, while other powers prepared another destiny on my behalf. Everything seemd to have been settled for myself in one great and safe society, while in reality I already was nominated to be its victim.

I could have become, even against my will, a warrior, as all my classmates had, and I could have marched on together with them until my brains were blown out for the sake of our great and safe society. Who knows, if I would have had the strength to doubt and resist.

When I was thrown out of this society, because they had made up their mind that there should be another race which had to be extinguished, I was surprised and couldn't believe it. Was I different? Hadn't I read as all the others about our heroes, wasn't I ready to build up my glorious future here?

And all this happened without myself taking part in it. I hadn't even known that I fitted into this other race and I didn't know what to do with this new difference. I couldn't commit myself to it. Anyhow there were these forces which left no other choice but my disappearance. Had I stayed I would have gone in the same direction as all the others, right into this enormous mud of ignorance. There were some years when I suffered an atavistic and petrified guilt that I too should have gone the way which had been staked out for me and that I was a traitor toward all these millions who were caught.

There might have been two possibilities while I grew up; the one possibility, to become a conqueror, a murderer, passed me by; the other, to let myself be conquered and murdered, escaped me. The third way, the direction toward clear-sightedness, *analysis* didn't exist yet, was never handed to you, you had to find it out for yourself. As I was brought up deep in the middle of this murderous society I was kept away from those who could have told me something about the other possibilities. So I spent many years explaining to myself what it was like to drown in this society, to get utterly lost in it, to see no way out, and even to accept this final situation.

This was still my commitment to the impossibility of penetrating this world, and in this commitment to the *impossible*, poetry was at home, here in this no man's

(Continued on page 655)

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Poetry of the Read-In Campaign

As part of the continuing effort of the intellectual community to speak out on Vietnam, American writers have been appearing at group readings throughout the country in witness of their opposition to this war. Beginning with the first read-in at New York's Town Hall, these events soon spread to the campuses. Organized by a group of poets (Robert Bly, Galway Kinnell, David Ray) and student and faculty activists, read-ins have taken place at, among other institutions, Portland State, Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Chicago, Reed, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. In one ten-day period in May, a dozen read-ins took place in the East.

Although some question the effectiveness of the read-in as a protest gesture, there can be little question of the eagerness of a section of our leading writers to make public their position on Vietnam. Particularly the poets have responded virtually unanimously. Indeed, while local faculty members, prose writers and entertainers have also participated, to a great extent the heart of the read-in program has been the poetry. A number of poets have managed to travel from one read-in to another. Among those who have participated are Paul Blackburn, Robert Bly, Robert Creeley, Alan Dugan, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Edward Field, Anthony Hecht, George Hitchcock, X. S. Kennedy, Galway Kinnell, Stanley Kunitz, Denise Levertov, John Logan, Walter Lowenfels, Robert Lowell, David Ray, Vern Rutsala, Adrienne Rich, Muriel Rukeyser, Louis Simpson, William Stafford, George Starbuck and James Wright.

Not all the poems read are on political subjects. Some poets have chosen not to read from their own work at all, but from Thucydides, Walt Whitman, Rimbaud and even—with a terrifying aptness—from Hitler, Goebbels and the Japanese General Staff. But the situation in Vietnam—perhaps even the phenomenon of the read-in itself—is beginning to call forth its own poetry, and many poets for the first time in their careers, or after long silence, are striking what must be called a political note. On these pages we have brought together a sampling of the new poems the read-in audiences have been hearing.

JOHNSON'S CABINET WATCHED BY ANTS

I

It is a clearing deep in a forest. Overhanging boughs
Make a low place. Here the citizens we know during the day,
The ministers, the department heads,
Appear differently: the stockholders of large steel companies
In small wooden shoes: here are the generals dressed as gamboling lambs.

II

Tonight they burn the rice supplies; tomorrow
They lecture on Thoreau; tonight they move around the trees,
Tomorrow they pick the twigs from their clothes;
Tonight they throw the fire-bombs, tomorrow
They read The Declaration of Independence; tomorrow they are in church.

III

Ants are gathered around an old tree.
In a choir they sing, in harsh and gravelly voices
Old Etruscan songs on tyranny.
Toads nearby clap their small hands, and join
The fiery songs, their five long toes trembling in the soaked earth.

ROBERT BLY

AMERICAN DREAMS

In dreams my life came toward me,
My loves that were slender as gazelles.
But America also dreams . . .
Dream, you are flying over Russia,
Dream, you are falling in Asia.

As I look down the street
On a typical sunny day in California
It is my house that is burning
And my dear ones that lie in the gutter
As the American army enters.

Every day I wake far away
From my life, in a foreign country.
These people are speaking a strange language.
It is strange to me
And strange, I think, even to themselves.

LOUIS SIMPSON

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WHERE IS VIETNAM?

Meanwhile back at the Ranch the then President also known as Colonel Cornpone got out a blank Army draft and began to fill in the spaces with men and Colonel Cornpone got down to the bottom of the order where there is a space to indicate just where the troops are to be sent and Colonel Cornpone got a faraway look in his eye and reached out and started spinning a globe of the world and his eye wandered over the spinning surface of the world and after a long time he said I See No Relief so they brought him a relief map of the world and he looked at it a long time and said Thank You Gentlemen I see it all very clearly now yes indeed everything stands out very clearly now and I can see the oceans themselves rolling back and Western Civilization still marching Westward around the world and the New Frontier now truly knows no boundaries and those there Vietnamese don't stand a Chinaman's chance in Hell but still there's all these Chinamen who think they do and also think they can actually reverse the Westward march of civilization and actually reverse the natural Westward spin of our globe but Gentlemen these are not War Games this is not Space Angels this is the real thing Gentlemen and I know right exactly where this here Vietnam is Gentlemen and I want to make doubly sure that all our own people know right exactly where this here Vietnam is Gentlemen in case any of you should happen to get cornered by some eggheads or someone And just then Ladybird came running and Colonel Cornpone stepped into the cloakroom and whispered to her The World really does rotate Westward don't it? and she being smarter than he as is usually the case whispered back that this here Vietnam was not a place but a state of mind and Colonel Cornpone got that old faraway look again and stepped back onto the front porch and sat there rocking for a long time and then said Gentlemen I am a family man and this is for real and I am hereby ordering the complete and final liberation of Vietmind I mean Vietnam for the roots of the trouble are found wherever the landless and oppressed the poor and despised stand before the gates of opportunity and are not allowed across the Frontier into the Great Society which seems to lie out before me like a land of dreams and so Gentlemen here we go fasten your seatbelts we are powerful and free and united there ain't much we can't do and so Gentlemen let me point out to you exactly where it is we all are going on this here globe because Gentlemen even though I am reputed never to have been out of the United States I do know right where we are going on the brink of Vietmind I mean Vietnam and even though we don't want to stop the world spinning in the right direction even for an instant I do want to slow it down just long enough for me to put my finger for you right on this here sore spot which is Vietmine I mean Vietnam and Colonel Cornpone put out his hand to slow down the world just a bit but this world would not be slowed down a bit this world would not stop spinning at all and Texas and Vietnam spun on together faster and faster slipping away under Colonel Cornpone's hand because the surface of this world had suddenly become very very slippery with a strange kind of red liquid that ran on it across all the obscene boundaries and this world went on spinning faster and faster in the same so predestined direction and kept on spinning and spinning and spinning and spinning!

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

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ON THE WAR IN VIETNAM

Beyond the TV set, outdoors,
the light is changing. The dark slowly becomes
greyish, and the trees step forward black
in the clear pale light
of the new snow. Morning is here,
everything snowed in. I go out
to clear a path.
On the radio I hear the USA
has published a white book
on the VIETNAM war
accusing North Vietnam
of aggression. On TV
last night
we saw a film strip taken with
the Viet-Cong; we could hear
the muffled fluttering
of helicopter propellors
from the ground, from the side being
shot. In another film
a few weeks ago
CBS interviewed American
helicopter pilots. One of them
described how glad he was
when he finally got a shot at
a "V. C.": the rockets
threw the VC about nine feet
straight ahead. There's no doubt
we'll have more snow today,
my neighbor says, dressed in black
on the way to work. He embalms
and is night watchman
at an insane aslyum. The place where I live—Lund
and outskirts—is becoming a whiter
and whiter book, the sun rises and lights
the open pages, burning and cold
The dead are numbers, they lie down, whirl about
like snowflakes, in the country wind. Up till now
they figure 2 million have died in Vietnam.
Here hardly anyone dies
except for personal reasons. The Swedish
economic system doesn't kill
many, at least
not out here in the country. Here
no one goes to war to protect
his interests. We don't
get burned with napalm
to advance a feudal idea of freedom.
In the 14th and 15th century no napalm.
Toward noon here the sun gets rather high.
Soon it will be March 1965.
Every day
more and more dead in America's repulsive war.
There are snowflakes on the photograph
of President Johnson
taken during the last series of bombing raids
on North Vietnam—he is climbing in
or maybe out of a car—more
and more flakes fall on the white pages.
More dead, more self-righteous defenses,
until everything is snowed in again
as the night
finally changes its light outside the windows.

GORAN SONNEVI
Translated from the Swedish
by Robert Bly

(Continued from page 652)

land I had the satisfaction of building up values which existed in spite of all outside absurdity.

I could have gone on, deeply committed to my art, writing, painting, making films about this doomed state, expressing despair and distortion, and even some rebellion and shouts that it should be all different, and that there should be, somewhere, some hope. But all this only served the society which had shaped me as I was and which did everything to keep me in this somnambulist state.

While I was establishing this untouchable sanctuary of art, these hymns to my inner freedom, the fight I had watched from the beginning was going on outside, massacres continued—10,000 were thrown into the prisons of Greece, 80,000 were murdered by the colonizers in Madagascar, innumerable were the dead in Vietnam, in the Congo, in Angola; millions were kept as slave workers in South Africa and Siberia; millions were suppressed in Latin America. The great robbery was going on all the time, I could see it, and as long as I looked on and did not revolt against it, I accepted it, and I too was responsible for it. Thus a commitment to art, while conscious of the disaster around, was at the same time a commitment to destruction. As long as I felt I could go on with my art without bothering about the rest, I was part of the corruption.

When I studied the formerly unintelligible world of speeches, declarations, negotiations, demands, agreements and aggressions, everything I had written before seemed thin, all my well-formulated sentences were no more than moments of a personal truth and had resulted only in safeguarding my own existence.

Very belatedly I explored the facts of politics and economics which made the hallucinative machinery run. But when you are brought up as a link within this machinery it takes time until you understand what you are used for.

The more I understood the signs of injustice, the treachery and violence around, the better became my spirits. Even if I did not know yet how to transform the political insight into writing I was sure I had gained something new.

I examined the view that the author should keep out of political participation, that he should be the one who keeps objectivity alive, that he should see both the positive and negative aspects in the forces involved in their universal struggle. But was not life too short for this objectivity? Wasn't it just another lie in order not to get oneself burned?

There was one essential question: who needed my writing? And could my writing contribute to making life more habitable?

It was not enough to establish empathy with the suppressed and exploited, I also had to stand up for them in my writing.

I could no longer believe in an independent circle of art—even if this meant that I had to start all over again and to face failure.

I do not think this is an exceptional situation for a writer. There are many who work out of both needs: to express human individualism and radical political change. The conflicts which arise out of this commitment will be part of our work, we will have to live with them, often they will furnish the very problems we try to solve in writing.

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Strategic Island in Dispute

FORMOSA BETRAYED. *By George H. Kerr. Houghton Mifflin Co. 514 pp. $6.95.*

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author, most recently, of The Third China *(F.W. Cheshire, Ltd.). His other works on the country where he lived for twenty-five years include* China: A Short Cultural History *and* Floodtide in China.

This book is described on the cover as "a report on the terrible consequences of Chinese Nationalist occupation and American neglect of this strategic island." It might be thought that whatever the nature of the Chinese Nationalist occupation, the United States could hardly be accused of "neglect" of an island into which aid and money has been poured over the years. But Mr. Kerr sees this aid as given to Chiang Kai-shek to maintain himself and his followers in power over a helpless and cruelly wronged people, the Formosan Chinese, natives of the island.

Mr. Kerr has unrivaled knowledge of the history of the island and, in particular, was a first-hand witness of the scandals and misgovernment when Formosa was first surrendered by Japan to the occupying Chinese forces in 1945. In a historical sketch he shows that Formosa was not seriously colonized by the Chinese until the fall of the Ming empire in the middle of the 17th century, and that before the large Chinese settlement, there had been a partial Japanese settlement, then Portuguese and finally Dutch rule in parts of the island. The Chinese came in as the followers of the Ming partisan Cheng Cheng-kung (whom the Portuguese knew as "Coxinga") and it was under his independent rule as king of Taiwan that the large-scale Chinese settlement occurred.

Thus Chinese occupation of the island is roughly contemporary with much of the early settlement of North America, and preceded any European settlement in Australia by 150 years. Taiwan—or Formosa—is thus certainly a Chinese territory; but the Chinese who live there have had a distinct history from their mainland cousins. They came under the rule of the Manchu dynasty for just about 200 years, and this was the only period in which they had been integrated with the mainland provinces of the empire until the Nationalist occupation in 1945. For fifty years before that event Formosa was a Japanese colony. It is now once more, as in the days of Cheng Cheng-kung, a "second China," seat of a regime opposed to the rulers of the main part of the Chinese empire.

The theme of Mr. Kerr's book is, briefly, that this Nationalist regime is an alien oppression inflicted upon the Formosan Chinese through the complacency of the U.S. Administration. He believes that the U.S. accepted without question Chiang's claim to take over the country at the end of the Second World War and made no effort to insure that the potential democratic rights of the inhabitants were respected; in fact, ignored the patent fact that they were being flouted and denied. He proves with a wealth of instances and citations the oppressive and corrupt nature of the Nationalist Government, which culminated in the brutal repression of the Formosans' passive defense protest. He continues in later chapters to show that the Nationalist regime still denies to the Formosans any real share of power or true democratic representation, and moreover still practices police repression, terror, and the secret arrest and removal of Formosan leaders, usually on the plea that they are "Communist." In fact, no Communist party has ever achieved the slightest strength in the island, and the victims of the Nationalist persecution are Formosan patriots striving for justice for their own people.

There is no denying that this charge is driven home with ample proofs. Mr. Kerr is a little too insistent on the separate identity of a people whom he invariably calls "Formosans" and their home "Formosa"—foreign terms which neither they themselves nor any other Chinese speakers ever use. Taiwan is the Chinese name of the island, also used by the Japanese, and it seems no more reasonable to call it "Formosa" than to call China "Cathay."

The Chinese people, as a whole, have had a very strong tradition of national unity, a strong opposition to partition or subsidiary divisions of the nation, and it seems at least probable that had the Nationalist regime in 1945 entered the country as liberators, governed it well, and invited the cooperation of the inhabitants, they would have been welcomed. The fact that they came as carpetbaggers, robbed and ruined the economy, deprived the people of their property and denied them any political rights, meant that the Nationalists treated Taiwan as they treated every province of China—only that Taiwan, untouched by the war, was far richer.

It is undoubtedly true that had the United States occupied the island and denied entry to the Nationalists (as victors over Japan they had the right and the power to do this), Taiwan would have been well run, and soon turned over to a native government of democratic character. One can only hope that, unlike Korea, it would have retained this character, once it became independent. The Taiwanese Chinese would then have been in the position to avoid involvement in the civil war in China, and would today no doubt enjoy the benefit of American protection against any threat of Chinese Communist intrusion. Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalists would have gone down to total defeat and exile. This is the might have been that Mr. Kerr regrets.

It may be asked whether, from the point of view of the U.S. and of the American taxpayer, the difference would have been so great. To defend Taiwan against the certain Communist Chinese claim that it was part of China, and should be "liberated," the same expense of money and resources would have been needed, nor is it so certain that a free Taiwan would necessarily be anti-Communist. Had Taiwan, as a national entity, been seated in the UN, China would have violently opposed such action, and there would have been only one China —Communist China—the unquestioned holder of China's seat and membership of the Security Council. The United States would have been accused of neo-imperialism, just as it is today.

These situations never came into existence, and as matters stand now the United States has no easy road to return to the path which was not followed in 1945. If pressure were put upon Chiang or his successors to yield power to a native government, they might very well prefer to surrender it to the mainland regime—just as Cheng Cheng-kung's grandsons did in the late 17th century, when they submitted to the Manchus. There is the real possibility that at the death of Chiang Kai-shek a succession struggle will break out, and that the Taiwanese Chinese, who already form a high proportion of the rank and file (though not the officers) of the armed forces, will seek to seize power for themselves. They would be accused of being "Communists." What should the U.S. do in such a situation—(compare Da Nang). If, to forestall such a revolt, the Nationalist successors of Chiang made a deal with Peking—which many believe to be very possible—how should the U.S. react? By entering the lists as the champion, tardy but resolute, of the native Taiwanese?

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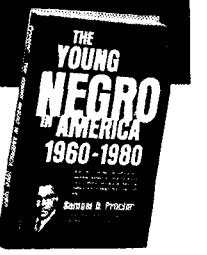
That a number of these apprehensions have been felt in Taiwan is plainly documented by Mr. Kerr. In particular the correspondence between Dr. C. K. Wu, former governor of Taiwan and a leading Nationalist himself, and Chiang Kai-shek (here published as an appendix) confirm the absence of freedom in political life and the distrust felt for Chiang Ching-kuo, the son of Chiang Kai-shek, who is expected to be a leading contender for the succession when his father dies. Dr. Wu's letters make it evident that this prospect is most unwelcome to many Nationalists, and would certainly be rejected by the Taiwanese if they were given an opportunity to express their views. These views, as expressed by the Taiwanese leaders now in exile in Japan and elsewhere, are contained in an "Appeal for Justice" addressed to the American people.

> We demand, in short, an immediate U.N. Trusteeship over the island, to ensure the freedom of campaign in which all the inhabitants will hear the voice of every faction and determine in a plebiscite that follows, the future of the island. We are confident that the overwhelming choice in such a plebiscite will be independence.

It is just because the leaders of both the Nationalist regime and the Peking government are equally convinced that this would be the probable result of a freely held plebiscite, that they oppose any such development.

Mr. Kerr, intent on expounding the wrongs of the native Taiwanese, and taking this exposure as his main theme, has sometimes been a little less than just to the mainlanders who are not identified with the Nationalist regime and its armed forces. There are many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of mainland Chinese now living and working in Taiwan, in education, commerce and the professions, who are as liberal minded as the Taiwanese and as much deprived of political freedom as the rest of the inhabitants. Many of these people have now raised their families in Taiwan, and have in all real senses become permanent settlers in the island. It is probable that most of them do not wish to return to the mainland and have no expectation that the Peking Communist government will be overthrown. The myth of the imminent return of the Nationalist regime to power in Nanking is not credited either by the natives or by the immigrants; it is a political slogan which justifies the claim of the Nationalist regime to be the government of China, a fiction which has hitherto suited American policy but which is now becoming an awkward impediment to more flexible approaches.

Is there a future for Negro youth ?



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For Love of Chicago

CULTURE AND DEMOCRACY: The Struggle for Form in Society and Architecture in Chicago and the Middle West during the Life and Times of Louis H. Sullivan. *By Hugh Dalziel Duncan. The Bedminster Press. 616 pp. $12.50.*

THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE: Early Followers of Sullivan and Wright. *By Mark L. Peisch. Random House. 177 pp. $4.95.*

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul is professor of English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time *(University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of* Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought *(Prentice-Hall).*

Mr. Duncan is a sociologist; Mr. Peisch is an art historian. Mr. Duncan has a cause to plead—his book is dedicated "to all Chicagoans who struggle to keep alive the soul of a city guarded by the spirit of Louis Henri Sullivan"; Mr. Peisch has a story to tell, which quietly contributes to that struggle. Both, and especially Mr. Duncan, have the intense devotion, and sometimes partisanship, that characterize students of the Chicago School. "New York is not the country. It is in this land physically to be sure, but spiritually it is on the outskirts"—this comment of Sullivan's informs Mr. Duncan's book. But having granted the fact that no other architectural achievement in America has been so great and portends so much for American democratic culture, one still wonders whether Frank Lloyd Wright's remark, "But, well, I like Chicago," isn't after all the most solid reason for its defense? Mr. Duncan insists, however, that "we must either deny Chicago's greatness or develop a new cultural history," and he has written a very large book to prove that he is not being merely rhetorical.

As a sociologist of art, Mr. Duncan does not develop a social theory of art so much as exemplify or re-enact its emergence in the cultural history of the Middle West, in the architecture and social arts of Chicago, the capital city of the democratic heartland, and in the thought of such Chicagoans as Dewey, Veblen, Mead and Sullivan. He understands the spiritualization of money, as a student of Kenneth Burke should, and ably presents the cultural process by which it so swiftly took place in an agrarian, religious community—a transformation from church to department store that took hardly a generation—and he recognizes in Veblen's writing especially, but also in the work of other writers and artists, the countervailing force for its desanctification.

Burke contributes to Mr. Duncan's dramatistic awareness of culture, as do Mead, Dewey, Veblen and Cooley: social process as well as social cohesion depends primarily on language—on communication by symbols that are forms and thus stages for the drama of life. Transform the symbols and life is transformed: Marshall Field and Potter Palmer create the stage of the department store and feminize shopping (spending); George Pullman builds a model town that dramatizes paternalism, what Ghent called "benevolent feudalism"; the stockyards, whose assembly line impressed Henry Ford, stage the efficient mechanization of death. The social process is essentially the work of art—and sometimes a work of art. It is a matter of creating forms (social) for functions (social); art is action, crea-

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tion creates. In the central and best chapters of Mr. Duncan's book, art is treated as a "form of sociation." Here we learn that the most characteristic form of sociation is conversation (Dewey said that "democracy begins in conversation," or, as we now say, having rediscovered this simple necessary social idea, in "dialogue") and, remembering the quintessential function of speech in early American agrarian community life, we begin to understand better not only Sullivan's desire to create buildings that are presences but buildings that speak. For Sullivan, as for Emerson and Whitman, nothing matched eloquence.

This book may be read as a history of Chicago, but it is also Mr. Duncan's attempt to possess the tradition of its best architects and social philosophers. He properly makes Sullivan the focal figure of this cultural history because he was the *artist* who best understood and explained this social theory and related it to the creation of democratic culture. In doing this, Mr. Duncan also more firmly establishes Sullivan's importance as a thinker, a role sometimes questioned by those whose notions of "thinking" are needlessly strict. Sullivan's *Kindergarten Chats* is, as Mr. Duncan claims, "the most profound book yet written on American architecture"—the most important statement of the pragmatic, organic aesthetic until Dewey's *Art as Experience,* which appeared more than thirty years later. It is salutary to remember this as the razing of buildings destroys the visible signs of Sullivan's genius.

But Sullivan is also the focal center because Mr. Duncan is rehearsing a struggle in which he himself is still engaged, and because the "tragic" life of the artist is wonderfully dramatic. His book is written in a "Western" style—loose, affirmative, uncritical, abundant, aggressive. He is more the gatherer than the interpreter, is loosely analogical rather than tightly developmental; for him repetition is an aspect of style. Omnium-gatherum prevails in paragraph, page and chapter (chapter 30, for example, does not, as announced, treat "Sullivan's Principle of Mobile Equilibrium"). Paraphrase, even unpunctuated quotation, mixes with direct quotation; entire chapters, such as those on Root and Adler, are simply restatements of the subject's own words—a procedure not so damning as unendurable—and a good portion of Sullivan's *writing* is used. Coherence and proportion are lacking. Yet the form fits the function *pleading:* the chapters are short, followed by footnotes in which Mr. Duncan carries on vigorous polemics with contemporary sociology, and though the chronology is disturbed, the book ends with Sullivan's account, in *The Autobiography of an Idea,* of his own childhood and early manhood. The symbolic action proclaims victory out of defeat, and the verbal action works up a lively sense of the genuine importance of this period of democratic resurgence.

For a book devoted to the democratic value of communication (sharing), it is curiously reticent about the contributions of fellow workers whom Mr. Duncan surely knows: John Szarkowski (a photographer), Maurice English (an editor), Ray Ginger (a historian), Paul Goodman (a generalist), Vincent Scully, Jr., (an art historian), Albert Bush-Brown (an art historian). This lack of generosity is perhaps attributable to a provincialism that makes too much of the new and the local. Not everything of value for democratic urban culture arose in Chicago. Sullivan, in his most formative years, was an Easterner, and he carried West with him, as well as found there, the fertile seeds of a still earlier democratic thought, that of Emerson and Whitman, which the pragmatic social thinkers of the Chicago School also knew well.

There is little that is new about Chicago architecture in Mr. Duncan's book, much that is new in Mr. Peisch's monograph. The Chicago School, set back by the World's Fair of 1893, did not disintegrate but rallied under the leadership of Sullivan and the Architectural League of America, for which Sullivan wrote *Kindergarten Chats.* (Neither Mr. Duncan nor Mr. Peisch seems acquainted with the League, which for a brief time rivaled the American Institute of Architects, and toward the formation of which the Chicago Architectural Club had been instrumental.) In the years after the fair and up to the First World War, the Chicago School quietly flourished, adding a second chapter to its brilliant history.

Mr. Peisch tells this story—tells of the work of Richard Schmidt and Hugh Garden in designing hospitals, Dwight Perkins in designing schools, George Maher, William Purcell and George Elmslie in designing banks and other public buildings; the landscape architectural work of Jens Jensen (the subject of Leonard K. Eaton's recent study, *Landscape Artist in America*) and Walter Burley Griffin, for whom Olmsted's work at the fair had been a positive influence; the domestic architecture, in particular, of Wright, Maher, Garden and Griffin; the city planning of Griffin and Daniel Burnham, which again, according to Mr. Peisch, testifies to the positive influence of the fair; and the church architecture of Barry Byrne.

These architects, and others whose work is briefly mentioned, serve as background for the one complete architect of the group, Walter Burley Griffin. Purcell and Elmslie are credited with continuing the work of Sullivan, now in eclipse; Daniel Burnham is accorded eminence; and Frank Lloyd Wright, even when Mr. Peisch restrains him and puts him down, manages to assert his claim to attention. Yet Griffin (1876-1937) dominates this book, not so much for the artistic merits of his accomplish-

MID-EVENING

I find a beer and detest my sloth, my acedia.
This belly reminds me of what I haven't done.
You lie on your belly and wait for the child
To wake so you can nurse him, or wait for me.
It takes me ten minutes to find an opener.
Outside the lights of the city are full of
Such promises as I try to forget—
They sway like the jewels on a dancer's
Wide belt, and she keeps coming closer.

DAVID RAY

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ments as for the fact that he focuses the various architectural trends of the Chicago School. "He was," Mr. Peisch explains, "a student of Ricker, an Oak Park assistant, a social planner, an architect in the new idiom, and a city planner." To follow Griffin's career is therefore to learn about the significance of the school of architecture that Nathan Ricker established at the University of Illinois, the architectural lofts in the Steinway Building which housed some of the younger members of the Chicago School, the Oak Park Fellowship, Frank Lloyd Wright's first atelier (where Griffin met his wife and collaborator, Marion Mahoney, and where others, Barry Byrne, for example, were trained), the early attempts at neighborhood planning in Evanston, Winnetka and Mason City and, finally, the successful competition for the planning of Canberra. With Griffin, as with Wright, Chicago architecture became world wide.

A Configuration of Themes

POETS OF REALITY: Six Twentieth-Century Writers. *By J. Hillis Miller. Harvard University Press. 369 pp. $7.95.*

EDWARD W. SAID

Mr. Said is an assistant professor of English at Columbia University. His book, Joseph Conrad and the Fiction of Autobiography, *will be published by Harvard University Press later this year.*

The formidable subject of J. Hillis Miller's *Poets of Reality* is "the recovery of immanence," whose loss, in his *The Disappearance of God* (1963) he has so brilliantly and persuasively recorded. Together the two books form an inner history of the transition from romantic to modern literature. His practice in both books is to set forth the "configuration of themes" that constitutes a writer's particular universe, and by keeping the number of writers to five or six (in the first book de Quincey, Emily Brontë, Arnold, Browning and Hopkins; in the second, Conrad, Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas, Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams) he achieves a good balance between particular description and a general thematic unity that binds his writers together.

Immanence is intelligible meaning that inheres in what we perceive, meaning that is available here and now rather than there and away in some distant realm. Miller argues that the romantic heritage of the 19th century leads directly to the unendurable impasse, exemplified in the final tragedies of Arnold and Hopkins, of a solitary ego confronting a disintegrating world from which immanence and God have receded.

It is against this stark background that Miller sees the 20th-century poets of reality doing their work, thanks in great measure to Conrad, whose sheer courage earns him a chapter and a poetic vocation. Conrad portrays the absurdities of the romantic ethos, and in doing this he is a nihilist who shows that romantic dualism is untenable because God, its original sustainer, has not only disappeared but for all practical purposes has also died. Miller argues that for Conrad the uninterrupted "stuff" of reality is darkness; what passes for the world's ethics, civilization and truth is merely "the extermination of the [world's] source"—darkness. Conrad achieves the seemingly impossible in being able to see the world as it is, as pure quality and without interpretation, but the expense of such a vision is the unpleasant realization that conventional ideas of space and time, matter and spirit, must be rendered as incompatible dimensions. Man, who lives in both dimensions, is the victim of an irreconcilable, even impossible, dualism. Miller's choice for the personification of this insight is the Professor, that terrifyingly clear-headed ascetic, who in *The Secret Agent* can "neither make a secure place where men can create their own culture, nor can he bring the darkness of madness and despair into the world as the foundation of a viable city of man."

The Professor's is a mind that "caresses the images of ruin and destruction," a mind that has plumbed nihilism so thoroughly as to make some new departure imperative for others. In the movement of modern literature built upon the example of Conrad's bravery, as well as on his sense of the darkness in which objectivity and subjectivity are dissolved, Miller begins to discern what, in R. P. Blackmur's incomparable phrase for *Anna Karenina,* is a dialectic of incarnation. Each of the authors Miller discusses is seen to begin at a "starting point" that is both a special awareness of actuality and a moment of radical self-consciousness. He then works his way through a series of relative solutions to the problem of reconciling the mind to the world, and finally ends where he began, with his sense of actuality enriched by his *partnership* in it; his poetry thus incarnates reality because reality is now seen as a dimension of "co-presence" where mind, the world, and an underlying being shine forth.

So Yeats's early desire to transfigure the present world is achieved when he realizes that appeals to other-worldly values must fail because the supernatural inheres in every corner of life. Eliot's "monistic metaphysics"—based on F. H. Bradley—which controls poems like "Prufrock," turns out to be only the individual's version of "the true pattern [of] God's order of existence": this discovery, according to Miller, is the Christian version of the recovery of immanence. By the time he reaches Williams (after a short chapter on Dylan Thomas, and a stunning excursion through Wallace Stevens) Miller is able to demonstrate that Williams' poetry is coterminous with reality: the meaning of poetry is reality, and the meaning of reality is contained in poetry, one catching up and delivering the other.

Because Miller's province in each case is the writer's entire *oeuvre* considered as a network of relations, in Stevens'

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MARION BASSETT

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words "a skeleton of ether," it is impossible to do justice here to the superb richness of Miller's exposition except to say that he makes it possible to know how such a phrase as Eliot's "objective correlative," how such a notion as Yeats's centric myth, Thomas' definition of death as metaphors, Stevens' embrace of "a giant of nothingness" and Williams' "hidden flame of light" contributes to, and is, the figure in the writer's carpet. How, in short, each particular aspect of a writer's universe expresses the essence of that universe, which is an economics of reality of a very high order indeed.

It is entirely fitting that Miller's mode of criticism is fully congruent with his view of the writers he discusses; this ought to come as no surprise, and that would be one way of praising the calm inevitability of Miller's discourse, yet the fact that it does surprise makes of *Poets of Reality* an undeniably major new departure in American criticism. Part of Miller's novelty is, first of all, that he dispenses with exhaustive analyses of individual poems (this is not to suggest that Miller's grasp of his poets is at all inaccurate; on the contrary, he has a more exact and sensitive command of the poetry than most critics) and second of all, that he is unconcerned with the normal biographical, psychological and scholarly pieties.

In spite of this, one's impression of the book is neither that it is hopelessly general, nor that it is the work of an intelligence fluttering in the void. Miller is not an untidy revolutionary. He seems engaged in a disciplined and salutary dialogue with his poets, using their insights to strengthen his, helping them to help themselves. Like the poets he discusses, his way is not to regard the individual poem as a simple object that exists at a comfortable distance from the reader, but to see it instead as a presence mediating the rest of the writer's work and the critic's mind. The poem no longer stands at attention in the middle of absolute space and time before the scrutinizing critic. This means, as Miller says of Williams, that "Einstein's discoveries" are made use of: "there are only innumerable local centers, each as valid as any of the others, each inextricably involved in time, space, and matter, each radiating its own unique power to measure them." Since the poetry of reality "puts the mind within the life of objects," the critic's mind moves freely among the corporate life, the universe, of a poet's poems.

Miller seems to believe that absolute time (*when*, for example, Eliot wrote "The Wasteland," or *where* in the *sequence* of Yeats's career is "The Fisherman" to be found) ought to be transformed and then incorporated by the critic into a spatial dimension formed by the writer's whole work: this permits a precise geography of the poetic universe as a field of action in which the poet's dialectic of creation is an energizing "radiant gist." In the second place, Miller's criticism is essentially descriptive, rather than moralistic or hortatory, because like the poets he discusses he is concerned with poetry that lives in a reality inhabited by the creating mind imagined as "a thinker without final thoughts" in a world for which classical ontology has no relevance. "All things exist simultaneously in one realm, and though they may interact they are not related causally. The idea of causal sequence is replaced by the notion of a poetry which 'lives with an intrinsic movement of its own to verify its authenticity.' As in other areas of contemporary thought, linear determinism gives way to a system of reciprocal motions, intrinsic, undulant, a physical more than a literary character." Miller's criticism is geared especially to deal with art that causes what Daniel Bell has called the eclipse of distance.

Miller's intellectual leanings are toward the anti-positivists in European philosophy, the phenomenologists in particular, as well as toward the more philosophic of American critics. I take this as a sign of his authentic catholicity of outlook and taste: however, I want to suggest neither that he is a facile borrower and a system maker nor that he is fuzzy and jargon ridden. He seems to me to have fully assimilated and unobtrusively used his influences. There are interesting parallels between the formulation of some of Miller's ideas about his poets and, for instance, the thought of Husserl, Heidegger, and of Husserl's literary disciple, Georges Poulet: I can indicate only a few examples here to show how like the phenomenologists Miller is in taking the realm of lived experience as his province.

In Husserl's phenomenological reduction there is an implicit analogy with what Miller says of Stevens' mode of putting the world in parentheses, seeing it freed from any sort of privileged interpretation, abstracting reality as pure quality or "idea" into the imagination; this is the act of mind and imagination that Stevens calls for when he says: "Let's see the very thing and nothing else./Let's see it with the hottest fire of sight." Then again, there is Husserl's notion of the transcendental ego, which Miller uses brilliantly and idiomatically to describe Eliot's "Tradition," an ideal order that "has its own life, a life independent of any private ego, though it is in its qualities much like a private ego enormously expanded."

From Poulet, Miller derives the technique of conceiving of human time as a spatial entity best figured by the circle, with the author's mind appropriating and filling out the circle (one recalls Keats's memorable line, "the wreath'd trellis of a working brain"), establishing the circle's perimeter, determining the texture of its content: thus a poem by Thomas is like an ark in which all things are "rescued and reaffirmed." Also from Poulet, Miller takes over the extraordinarily suggestive theory of the starting point as a germ out of which all of a poet's work can be seen not only to derive but also to return.

Finally, the way in which Miller describes Stevens' understanding "of mere being" strongly resembles Heidegger's *Dasein:* being "is a pervasive power, visible nowhere in itself and yet present and visible in all things," and, as Stevens writes, "It is like a thing of ether that exists/Almost as predicate." The central strand of *Poets of Reality* is an account of how Conrad's darkness develops into Being, like a ground bass given chordal realization.

Miller seems to be the first person to

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give Eliot's criticism total coherence, instead of breaking it down into a series of special tools. It is exactly this idea, that Eliot (like all the poets of reality) had a complete criticism based on genuine problems of actual experience rather than on weird prejudices, which Miller assumes in order to examine a writer's world. At moments also one can see the influence of R. P. Blackmur's remarkable apprehensions of gesture, the "language before language," that informs language.

These parallels and similarities are an indication of Miller's unique powers and the intelligence with which he applies them. Yet, a great deal more than this is implicit in his work, and I hope that he will some day make his approach and his reasons for it more explicit. One misses, for example, a discussion of how Miller's work adheres to Gaston Bachelard's theories, or to Henri Focillon's ideas (quoted by Stevens in *The Necessary Angel*) that "human consciousness is in perpetual pursuit of a language and a style," and that "the chief characteristic of the mind is to be constantly describing itself." Or the relevance to Miller of Valéry and Rilke, one the poet of the most heightened consciousness, the other a very great realist.

In the fleshing out of his own critical theories Miller, in fine, might find himself more overtly involved in the specific historical and cultural circumstances that produce both the poetry and the criticism of reality. I am particularly anxious to discover how Miller puts his poets and theories of reality in touch with other varieties of modern realism, be it the Socialist realism of Georg Lukacs and Lucien Goldmann, the realistic nihilism of a writer like Genêt, Beckett's hermetic realism, the realists discussed by Harry Levin in *The Gates of Horn,* or for that matter the linguistic realism of the later Wittgenstein.

Another way of putting my request to Miller is to say that his general introductory chapters (12 pages in *Poets of Reality,* 16 in the earlier book) are too allusive. From a critic who has already spoken with such ingenuity and skill we ought to expect a major and explicit confrontation with the central philosophic and critical issues with which he has been dealing. His phenomenological criticism has hitherto been intent upon the description of essences—and in this he has no equal—but it must at some point deal with "accidents," which, in a poet like Yeats, play a larger role than Miller accords them. Yet Miller has opened American criticism to so much that is imaginatively new and philosophically exciting that it would be foolish to end without saying again that *Poets of Reality* is a splendid book.

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

The three plays I attended in the past few weeks were all more or less Russian. As I sit down to write about them I cannot help thinking of a (presumably) Jewish joke I once heard. A man accosts another on the street. "Hello, Goldberg," the man says, "I'm glad to see you. But, my God, Goldberg how you've changed. You used to be tall, now you're short. You used to be fat and now you're thin. What's wrong, Goldberg?" "Excuse me," says the other, "but I'm not Goldberg." "What," says the first man, "You've changed your name too?"

In different ways the Russian plays I've been seeing have changed just as remarkably as Goldberg! The most acceptable change is that effected in Ronald Ribman's *The Journey of the Fifth Horse,* a play drawn in part from Turgenev's *Diary of a Superfluous Man* at the American Place Theatre. This is not so much dramatization as a new play with a contemporary slant, though its locale remains the Russia of the late 19th century. The diary has supposedly been written by Turgenev's sorry protagonist, a shy, self-effacing and constantly depressed young fellow who becomes enamored of, is jealous of, and fights a duel over a girl who does not love him, and whom he is prepared to marry after she has been seduced and abandoned by an aristocratic cavalry officer. In Ribman's transformation the diary falls into the hands of a desiccated editor at a Petersburg publishing house.

This new character, named Zoditch, reads the diary with reluctance and obvious distaste. He finds its author absurdly romantic and stupidly sentimental. In reading the diary, Zoditch is inclined to cry out like Judge Brack in *Hedda Gabler,* "People don't do such things." But dry, niggardly, venomous Zoditch builds fantasies of his own about the robust landlady of his apartment house. In his petty way he is far more sentimental—that is, removed from reality—than Turgenev's superfluous man. Worse still, Zoditch never recognizes any parallel between his own situation and the hapless person whose diary he reads and whom he regards with contempt. He might easily be a critic in one of our highbrow literary journals.

Turgenev's *Diary* is a melancholy tale of failure in love. Ribman has replaced Turgenev's sentiment with modern irony while preserving some flavor of the story's original background. The play is well written. Though overelaborate in structure (the alternation from realism to stylization is sometimes awkwardly handled) it reveals as a whole a promising talent.

The production directed by Larry Arrick is as forgivably uneven as the text, but there is one excellent performance by Dustin Hoffman as Zoditch, hysterical without feeling, grotesque without bitterness, touching without tears, funny without being laughable.

John Gielgud's production of Chekhov's *Ivanov* (Shubert Theatre) made me think of Jane Austen with a belly-ache. The atmosphere is not at all Russian and it is barely English. There is a thinness in the production wholly foreign to Chekhov.

Gielgud himself has fine moments as Ivanov. He conveys inner distress truthfully and subtly. He does not "star" himself, which is perhaps a pity. For all his defeatedness, Ivanov should be endowed with the remainders of intellectual pride and vigor added to flashes of fiery despair. We should see that he might have amounted to something in a different en-

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vironment. That is part of the play's point. Gielgud's monotonous passivity robs the play of definition and backbone.

Still, the fault in the production lies deeper. It may be traced to the latest cliché in Chekhov's criticism, enthusiastically and superciliously embraced by many critics in England and America. His plays are *comedies,* as Chekhov insisted and our critics repeat. Chekhov said Stanislavsky turned his characters into "crybabies." All this may be so—though it should be noted that playwrights are not always right in matters of the stage interpretation of their plays. Certainly Chekhov is humorous, but his plays are not therefore "laugh shows!"

Ivanov has hilarious scenes in the manner of Gogol. The humor is owlish. This does not mean that the play ought to be done in a clipped, matter-of-fact, "common-sense" manner to prove that Chekhov is not conventionally Russian—that is to say, gloomy. Chekhov's characteristic mark is an aspiring soulfulness. His negative characters are gross or pretentiously vacuous or earthbound Philistines. But in almost every case we are attracted to them because of Chekhov's inextinguishable sympathy with them. There is something fleshily warm even in the portrayal of the Estate Manager, the most unpleasant character in *Ivanov*. We recognize this when he speaks of how caviar should be served. (Gorky has described how a bluestocking who bored Chekhov to distraction when she discoursed on lofty matters delighted him after he had induced her to speak about the making of jam.) Whether he be an exhausted idealist, a boor, a pedant or a jackass, one must see in every Chekhov personage the opposite feature, the positive quality that has somehow become flabby, spoiled or debased. No Chekhov character should be made to seem dry or only farcically funny.

There are a number of expert actors in Gielgud's company—Ethel Griffies' energy and sparkle are always gratifying—but most of them strike one in *Ivanov* as only professionally competent. They play their roles with casual ease, as if to remove from Chekhov all taint of Slavic "mystery." They are seen as "people one might meet anywhere"—hence artistically nondescript. For instance, Sasha is made a sort of normal, almost aggressively sporty, college girl; and that deprives her of the inner tension of a virginal being who strives with birdlike anguish to escape a stifling environment. The doctor, Lvov, is converted into a thin-blooded prig, whereas Chekhov means him to be an overintense moral rationalist whose flaw is the consequence of his incapacity to accept the contradictions of human behavior. In other words, when you omit the complexity, the density of physical life, the combination of the pathetic and the foolish which is indeed comic rather than tragic, you no longer have Chekhov on the stage.

Some years ago William Ball's off-Broadway production of *Ivanov* with a far less experienced and brilliant cast (Vivien Leigh co-stars at the Shubert with Gielgud) was far truer to Chekhov and much more moving than the present one. The play itself, while unripe in comparison with Chekhov's later work, still bears the stamp of the author's genius.

Because I was about to go abroad for seven weeks, I intruded on an early preview of Isaac Babel's *Sunset* at the new 81st Street Theatre (2250 Broadway). Under the circumstances it might be considered unfair for me to comment on the production. Still I am able to report that I found the evening memorable because of the rich material the writer has provided.

Sunset takes place in the Jewish quarter of Odessa, a seaport famous before the First World War for its hooligans, crooks, prostitutes, pimps and future great violinists and actors. The Jews we see in the play bear very little resemblance to those we find in "classic" Yiddish literature, except for Sholem Asch. They are not the sweet, tender, sexually modest, God-fearing or studious folk of Sholom Aleichem and Peretz.

The Jews in Babel's play are roughnecks. There is a horribly funny scene in a shabby synagogue where, amid the Sabbath prayers, certain communicants whisper about trade on the stock market, while two others discuss the possibility of a robbery and the officiating cantor draws a gun to shoot the rats which infest the place. For all his intimate charm, Babel is closer to the Russian naturalists than to the Yiddish miniaturists.

Many American Jews may be astonished or shocked to see scenes in which a Jewish cartwright and horse trader behaves like a bullying *moujik* holding his wife and children in thrall with utmost brutality. He himself suffers a nameless and unspeakable loneliness, drinking himself into insensibility in dismal taverns and impregnating a poor "innocent" whore whom he approaches with a sort of woebegone humility.

This miserable creature for whom we somehow feel compassion—how spiritually sightless and wretched is the world he inhabits—very nearly cripples one of his sons by hitting him in the testicles while his other son knocks the old man unconscious with the butt of his pistol. Their terrible fight occurs because the father wants to sell his stable and horses to buy an orchard in Bessarabia (thus to escape from Odessa) while his sons feel that if he succeeds in doing so they will be robbed of their inheritance.

In the final scene we see the father, stunned and cowed by his sons' rebellion, sitting at a festive table where the young men invite guests to celebrate the bounty of their newly acquired "respectability" as the masters of the house. Such a crew of miscreants (including an impish rabbi from whom the elder son, a reformed hoodlum, wants to "learn") one has rarely seen in a play about Jewish folk.

The play, ungainly and crude in its craftsmanship, abounds in bitterly humorous scenes full of the ferment of life. Babel's warmth of heart and sorrowfully smiling observation make *Sunset* a strangely moving experience.

The production and direction—but I promised not to say a thing on that score. . . .

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